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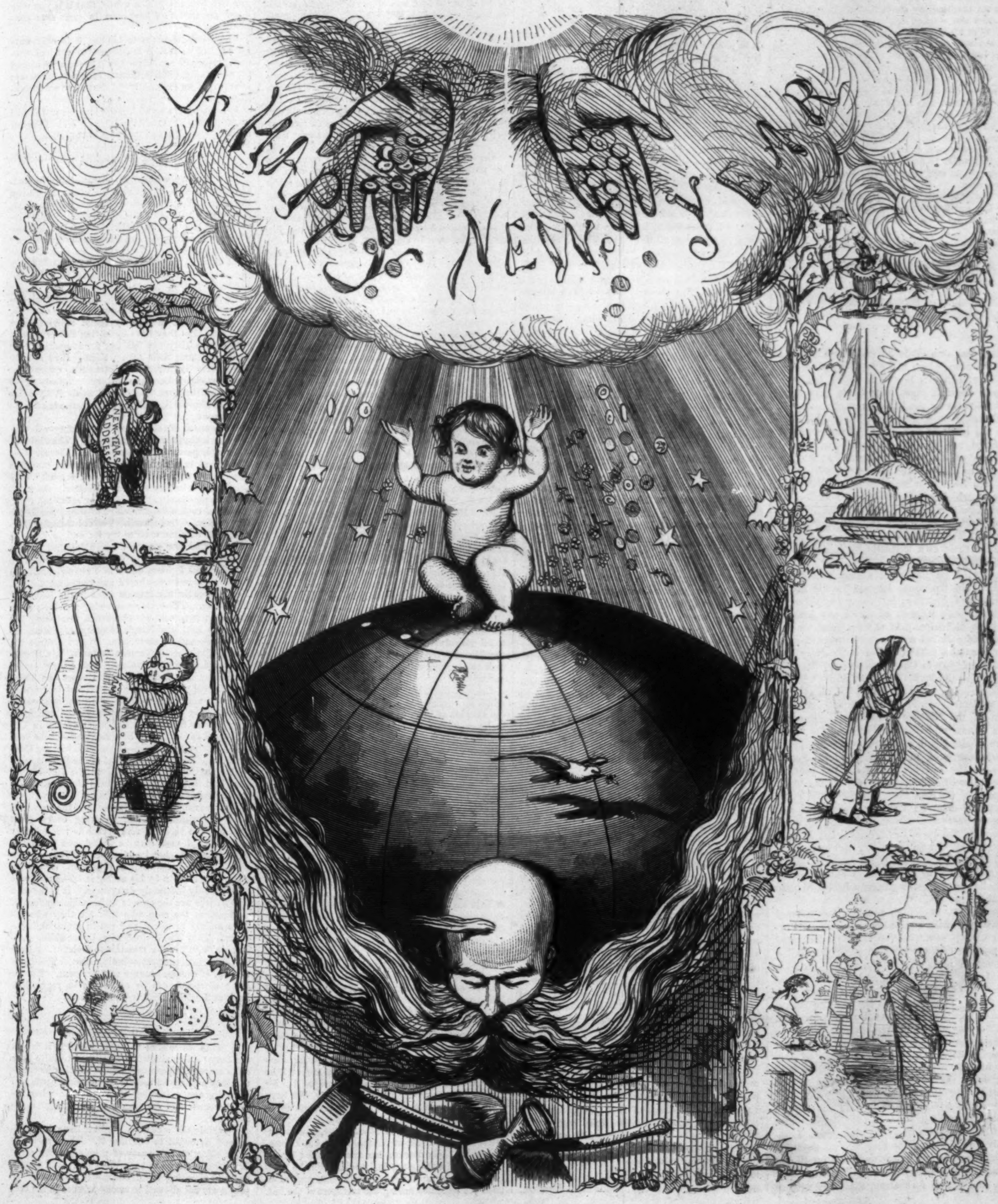

A HAPPY NEW YEAR
NEW-YEARS ADDRESS

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BY CHARLES STEWART.

ON starry wings Hope's angel herald, flying,
Proclaims the advent of the glad New Year,
And from afar the Old Year, pale and dying,
Hugs his white shroud and totters to his bier.
Then hurrah! hurrah! for the glad New Year,
Who mounts his throne with a shout;
Who welcomes Hope with a hearty cheer
And shuts wan Sorrow out.
Bells are ringing, eyes are flinging
Flashes fast and free;
Joy upspringing, voices singing
New Year's jubilee!
Behold the broad river in joyous array,
Like shadows the skaters skirr wildly away:
Bright faces uplifted
Bloom every where,
As angels had sifted
The sunshine there.
All light and music, and all life and motion;
Enchanting spell of beauty and of bliss,
On life's hyemal ocean
Oh! what a gladsome day is this!
Old mother Earth from her happy heart
Sends up a pæan from crowded mart—
A prayer of praise,
And a shout of joy
From the laughing boy at the bonfire's blaze;
And e'en old age,
With his face so sage,
Writ o'er with lines like an ancient page,
Grows ruddy as youth in the bonny rays,
And the voices in the sky,
Now are low and now are high,
But, high or low, are happy as the day is long.
Little tongues in music lift
With a glad "My New-Year's gift!"
And "A happy, happy New Year!" is the burden of the song.
May this year, so bright in youth,
Still unfold in peace and truth;
And that Right may vanquish Might let us ever hope and pray,
Then God bless you, reader dear,
May you find the coming year
Ever bright, and always happy as this first auspicious day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SA[illegible] DECEMBER 31, 1859.

1859.

THE year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, which will close before another number of *Harper's Weekly* is issued, has been in some respects more memorable than most previous years for the last quarter of a century. It will figure conspicuously in history, not only from the intrinsic importance of the events it witnessed, but from the dramatic completeness of several of the movements which took place between its January and its December.

It will be remembered, in this country, as the year which witnessed the final settlement of the Kansas dispute, and the general acquiescence of all moderate men in the Douglas doctrine that Territories, like States, are free to prescribe their own domestic institutions. It is left for future Congresses to determine at what period an unformed society becomes a Territory in the sense implied in the above statement of doctrine; but the principle once admitted, such matters of detail can involve but little difficulty. At the very earliest inception of political existence—as soon, for insta[illegible] as the inhabitants of a Territory can ele[illegible] delegate to Congress—the privilege of designating the institutions they prefer will obviously accrue. It was hoped by many that this settlement would for a time calm the violence of the Slavery controversy. But the John Brown raid into Virginia, and the reluctance of the South to submit to the legislative predominance of the more populous North, seem, at the last hour of the dying year, to have revived the controversy in its most bitter shape, and we take leave of 1859 with angry threats of disunion ringing in our ears, and fierce menaces of civil war disturbing the commerce and finance of the country. Let us hope that 1860 will witness a calmer and more practical frame of mind among our statesmen. Meanwhile let us congratulate ourselves that there has been tangible progress in this Slavery conflict since 1858.

In Europe, 1859 will be chiefly remembered as the year of the Italian war. It was on New-Year's Day, 1859, that Napoleon first intimated his purpose of attempting to solve the Italian problem, if need be, with the sword. Austria would not yield to fate, and accordingly, as soon as the weather permitted, the armies took the field. The result was the total overthrow of Austrian power in the Italian peninsula. With a sagacity peculiarly his own, Napoleon made peace as soon as his moral object was gained. After Solferino the real sway of Austria in Italy was gone forever, and Napoleon laid down the sword—punishing Venice, not unjustly, for the selfish and narrow-minded manner in which she had held aloof from Lombardy and Piedmont in 1848. Ever since then Italy has been in a transition state. Lombardy and the Duchies have proved their capacity for self-government and their intelligent patriotism by a policy so enlightened, so resolute, and yet so forbearing, that it is without parallel in the history of suddenly enfranchised nations. Their future is safe. The Pope still remains—an unsolved, almost hopeless puzzle. Without foreign troops to protect him the old man's throat would not be safe ten minutes among his own people; and yet he never was so obstinately set on refusing to reform his government, never blinder to his true position among nations. Holding power and life at the will of foreign sovereigns, he actually fans treason in France, suffers crazy Irishmen to sicken the British by eulogies of his brutal despotism, and exasperates the enlightened world by the Mortara outrage—a villainy so infamous that it could hardly have been tolerated in the dark ages. If the teaching of history be sound, this inveterate stolidity should presage the end of papal dominion. So venerable an institution as the papacy commands the respect of mankind, and if it could be harmonized with the liberal instincts of the age even Protestants would not willingly see it trampled in the dust. But Pius the Ninth seems bent on his doom; and really the method he will enforce is the surest for the improvement of Italy. If he will destroy himself, if he will not permit the Emperors to save him, why, let him have his way.

Of the rest of Europe the history of 1859 will say little. France is unchanged; more loyal than usual; prosperous; no freer than formerly; but with a government so thorough and so well administered, so just as between man and man, that other countries may admire it. Germany has recovered from the convulsions of terror into which it was plunged by the war; except as to the bankruptcy of Austria—an old story—it attracts no outside attention. Russia, peaceful and active, builds railroads and emancipates serfs—strengthening itself on every side. Spain closes the year with a declaration of war against African neighbors, whom it will crush out, and whom, on account of their piratical antecedents, the world will not pity. With regard to Great Britain, 1859 will be best remembered as the year of the Great Terror about a French Invasion. The course of the English during the Italian war was wisely neutral; but they somehow attracted the ill-will of both or all parties, and ever since then have been alternately quaking and blustering about an invasion from France—the very last thing any sane Frenchman would contemplate. Meanwhile the cause of electoral reform (a matter of far more moment to the English people than foreign politics) has remained stationary.

The year 1859 has witnessed some important changes in Asia. The Indian mutiny has been outwardly quelled. A change in the form—but no change in the substance—of the British Government in India has taken place, and a chronic financial crisis has succeeded to the war. Fresh changes, involving some reduction of the enormous expenditure now thrown on the Government, are imperative. China has again thrown down the gauntlet to the civilized world, and a new war is commencing, with no great prospect of practical results. Experience shows that our treaties both with China and Japan can not be trusted beyond the range of British or American cannon. Nothing short of the armed occupation of commanding points in China seems likely to secure a safe intercourse with the people of that empire.

South America is, as usual, a prey to revolution. Paraguay has made nominal amends for her outrages on our citizens, and is ready to repeat the misdeed on the first opportunity. War and revolution rage at Buenos Ayres, in Peru, in Venezuela, New Granada, and Bolivia. Brazil alone pursues a tranquil course of prosperous commerce. Mexico continues to be the prey of banditti—now under the banner of the Church, now under that of the Liberals; several United States citizens have been massacred with impunity, and at the time we write a final solution of the difficulty seems as distant as ever. Nicaragua sinks into insignificance, and keeps the transit route closed. Canada pursues a peaceful career, increasing yearly in population and wealth.

Commerce, during 1859, has slowly recovered from the crisis of 1857. The year 1858 was one of liquidation; 1859 witnessed the beginning of reconstruction. But for the Italian war, which checked all mercantile operations, the work would have now been far advanced; as it is, until within a few weeks capitalists have been timid, money has been cheap at all the financial centres, and very few new enterprises have been undertaken. As a general rule, all branches of trade have been dull both in England and in the United States. Over-importations deprived many of our foreign merchants of their usual profits on their dealings last fall; the prospect is fair for still more serious losses from the same cause next spring. Should the mercantile world enjoy another year of tranquillity, and no check to commerce arise from financial mistakes on the part of banks and other moneyed institutions, 1860 will leave us well prepared for a period of great commercial activity. Thank Providence, the crops of 1859, both North and South, were unusually bountiful; both cotton and breadstuffs are abundant, and command prices which remunerate the growers handsomely. With this basis to go upon, our commercial future would be sure were the banks and the importers kept within the bounds of moderation.

THE LATE HON. THEODORE SEDGWICK.

WE were in hopes that we should have been able to present our readers with a portrait of the late Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, who was for a long period a co-laborer of ours in this journal. But neither Mr. Sedgwick's family nor his friends possess any likeness of the deceased; to the best of our belief no authentic portrait of him is in existence. Not many months since we requested Mr. Sedgwick to have his likeness taken for our use. He laughingly refused, declaring that we should never publish him with his consent. His modesty prevented other friends from obtaining the same favor.

It only remains for us at this late day to state briefly, that the late Theodore Sedgwick was born at Albany in 1811. His father was a lawyer of eminence; his grandfather was the famous Chief Justice Sedgwick of Massachusetts, who was at one time Speaker of the House of Representatives, and subsequently a Judge of the United States Supreme Court. They were a race of lawyers, all clear-headed, quick-minded, and gifted with natural eloquence.

Shortly after Mr. Sedgwick had attained his majority he went to Paris as Secretary of Legation under Mr. Livingston. There he enjoyed the society of many of the best men of the day, and contracted many friendships which lasted throughout his life. With the great De Tocqueville, among others, he was closely intimate; they corresponded regularly; and after De Tocqueville had retired from office, Mr. Sedgwick was one of the few persons to whom he confided his melancholy foreboding with regard to the future of France. He was likewise welcomed into the best society in England; with Lord Brougham, Lord Campbell, and other leaders of the British bar he was on terms of delightful intimacy. No American was ever more thoroughly appreciated abroad than Mr. Sedgwick.

On his return to this country he commenced the practice of the law in this city, and soon secured a large and lucrative practice. In the midst of it, he indulged his literary aptitudes by writing freely for the press, and by composing two legal works "On the Measure of Damages" and on "Constitutional and Statutory Law." These latter were eminently successful, and are now text-books, not only in this country but in England likewise. On the political questions of the day he wrote copiously, and with his usual force in the *Evening Post*, and subsequently in *Harper's Weekly*. He was in politics a conservative, or National Democrat, but with none of the party bitterness so often evinced by politicians. He counted among his intimate friends many members of the Republican party; perhaps, of all the appointments made by Mr. Buchanan in this section none was more popular with all parties than that of Mr. Sedgwick to the United States District Attorneyship. He took a lively interest in every movement which had for its object the development of civilization; he was, as is known, President of the New York Crystal Palace, and took a prominent part in many other similar undertakings.

If we were to seek to characterize his political system by a single epithet, we should say it was *practical*. He was a practical man—trained and bred in the practical school, and always ready to forego abstract theories for the sake of practical results. He believed that all human governments and all social compacts were essentially compromises; and that an attempt to build up a society or a nation on an abstract inflexible doctrinal basis could not but result in despotism and revolution. Hence his course on the great controversy which rages in this country: a course which, while it exposed him to the malignant abuse of extremists, won for him golden opinions from conservatives on all sides. Nothing annoyed him more than the senseless abuse of political opponents which used to fill the columns of the Washington *Union* under the Pierce Administration. "Such a paper," he used to say, "is a nuisance and a disgrace to the party."

He was devotedly attached to his profession, which he regarded as the first in the world. But the election of judges filled him with disgust, and he labored faithfully and energetically to have the system altered. Of his rivals at the bar he always spoke with appreciative kindness; no one admired the great efforts of O'Conor, Van Buren, Field, Brady, or Noyes more heartily than he. His own legal abilities were good, though, latterly, ill-health, other pursuits, and a love of leisure rendered him more indifferent to practice than he had been at an earlier age.

He was emphatically a gentleman, in the old sense of the term. He loved the society of the refined, the educated, and the gentle. The tricks and frauds of politics he shrank from with horror. No party convention ever saw him bow the knee, or conceal his sentiments, or adopt a subterfuge, or hide his loathing of ruffianism and profligacy. Kind and gentle to all, he knew no distinctions of race or faith; but, as might have been expected of a Sedgwick, he chose his own society, and chose it well.

For many months he may have foreseen his impending doom. The death of his wife, who was taken from him a couple of years since, affected him very severely. He was subject to attacks of that most terrible disease—neuralgia—and for some months before he died was incapacited from attending to business. Not many weeks since he called on us, and laughingly observed that he came to make a contract to correspond for *Harper's Weekly* in Europe, as he must go abroad if he wanted to save his life. His last composition for the public eye appeared in this journal. We have lost in him a most gifted and conscientious co-laborer, and a powerful and vigorous writer.

Mr. Sedgwick died at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, at the old seat of his family, on 8th December, 1859. His decease has been noticed by all the courts in the city; his memory will be cherished as long as honesty, gentleness, and manhood are esteemed among the members of the bar.

THE LOUNGER.

NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY New Year! A happy New Year! And certainly the newest year ought to be the happiest of all years. And, with equal certainty, reckoning by the number of years, the world ought by this time to be a pretty happy old world. It has lived so long, and seen so much, and suffered so much! Truly, if there be any virtue in life, if it be not altogether weariness and vexation of spirit, the world ought by this time to have discovered the secret of happiness.

The world, what is it? Only you and me and a billion more. The world, of which we talk so lightly, as if it were a distinct something outside of us, is only something of which we are the constituent parts. When we are all wise, the world is wise. When we are all happy, the world is happy. So if it be not a happy old world, whose fault is it? If it have not yet discovered the secret of happiness, who is to blame?

A happy New Year! Yes, and it falls on Sunday this time—a double holiday. And in the seat where, perhaps, you best love to sit; from the tongue, to which, perhaps, you best love to listen, you will hear the golden words, that it is you who carry the secret of happiness in your own conscience.

The world is never to blame; it is only ourselves. If we fail, it is because we mistook success. If we do not succeed, it is because we looked for something outside instead of inside. Success is not what we externally get, but what we internally gain.

Let every man mend himself and the world will be mended. That will be a happy New Year all round!

FREE SPEECH.

IN a country without an army of any importance the reliance of public security must be upon the sense of law. And it fortunately happens that, as a people, we have a stronger feeling, a surer instinct, for law than any other. For, after all, people put their lives in danger only for some very sufficient reasons. Of course when they are excited there is no reason at all; but even then a firm, armed opposition in the interest of order and law is extremely calming.

In many a foreign city a mob is dangerous, because the individuals who compose it have as much, or rather more, to gain by social subversion or confusion than they have by letting things stay as they are. They are fighting for something that really concerns their own welfare. But nobody fights very hard for an abstraction, except the very few choice heroes in history. Nobody fights very hard because he is hired to do it by other people, who think that their interests are affected in some way.

Our system of things provides a safety-valve of popular indignation in free speech. The right of the people peaceably to assemble and discuss their grievances is a right claimed by great practical good sense, as well as by political sagacity. If people can talk they always feel better. An over-charged pipe is always relieved by spouting.

And of course the first effort of despotism is the suppression of free speech. The old Colonial Governors of Virginia used to try it; and in doing it they lighted the matches which touched off the Revolution. Grand old Patrick Henry used to thunder and lighten, down in Virginia, until the flash and report were heard and seen over the sea. You remember the famous scene in the House of Burgesses. The orator was swinging along upon the great surges of his eloquence, reminding the members and the King's Majesty of Cæsar, of Cromwell, and of their fate. "And George the Third—" said he. "Treason! treason! Mr. Speaker," cried a hundred voices. The orator waited until they had done. "And George the Third may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it!" cried the triumphant orator.

It's a very old story, but a very good one, for it was just the free speech of Patrick Henry in Virginia, and James Otis in New England—of the Sons of Liberty in New York—of the Mecklenberg Convention in North Carolina, and of the Darien Committee in Georgia, that inspired the Revolution. Could all those mouths have been closed, the Revolution would have been incalculably delayed.

With our general intelligence, and the universal habit of considering and debating every great question, the right of free speech is unavoidably conceded. A man may be a fool, and a fanatic, and a madman—but let him speak. It is a great deal better to know what he thinks and means, by his saying it, than by his acting it. The men who talk are only indirectly dangerous. It is the men who *do* who are the ones to be immediately feared.

Moreover the men who talk are they who believe mainly in moral, and not in material, influences. They are the men who, by moulding public opinion, prevent a recourse to violence. Abuse of speech, as of the press—indiscretion, folly—there will be, of course, because men are men. But no abuse of speech can be so bad as its repression. Look at Austria, Lombardy, Spain!

RAILROAD MANNERS.

ZOROASTER wishes to know whether it is not the duty of a conductor of a railroad train to keep order among the passengers—and whether he ought to allow a party of men to sit playing cards and shouting and screaming with laughter, when invalid women and children may be sitting in the same car.

Certainly the conductor ought to have that power, and he ought to exercise it. There seems to be no objection to a party of people playing cards in the car if they want to. But their loud laughing and shouting is an undoubted nuisance. If people are not allowed to smoke tobacco in the car, they certainly should not be suffered to be uproarious.

Perhaps all these little inconveniences and differences of sense of what is fair in a public carriage will gradually lead railroad companies to allow the passengers' money to buy the same choice which it buys in every thing else; so that if a party of friends or relatives wish to sit together and travel by themselves, without trailing their garments in good neighbor Budger's saliva, or losing their seats when they step out for a glass of water, they may do so without being necessarily considered purse-proud aristocrats.

PARTING.

OH! was I born in some wild year,
Which gives prophetic power,
That I so long should feel and fear
The coming of this hour?

I knew such joy would flow to me
As ne'er might be again;
I knew that Love's intensity
Would bring me deadly pain.

All night the sea with weary roar
Told of its yearnings deep;
All night I saw him pace the shore,
He could not rest or sleep.

My heart prayed all the holy night,
Although my lips were dumb;
I feared to greet the morning light,
I knew my hour was come.

In the broad day we calmly met,
Wan with our vigils sad;
Their solemn spell oppressed us yet,
Where all was gay and glad.

We could not part with idle jest,
With manner light and frank,
When life within was wild unrest,
And life without, a blank.

We gave one moment, and the last,
A silent prayer to pray—
To consecrate the sacred past,
That sighed its life away.

One glance those features to retrace
Those smiles which once it wore,
Then covered up the sweet, dead face
With reverence once more.

C. O. NIGHTINGALE.

NIGHTINGALE HOUSE, *Nov.*, 1859.

WOMEN AND WORK.

A SUBJECT which has excited a great deal of discussion, and which the laws of the various States are constantly recognizing more and more, has just received most thoughtful treatment, and therefore a treatment full of practical good sense, in a small handsome volume of only 184 pages, by Mrs. Dall, published by Walker, Wise, & Co., in Boston.

The question is not treated by her in the manner of the Woman's Rights Conventions, that is by declamation and appeals; but by a calm presentation of copious facts, based upon very careful study and observation. She invokes no other charity than that of thought. She is willing to allow for the pressure of habit and adverse taste. But starting from the fact, which is beyond denial, that most women in the world have to support themselves, and that at least half of the hard work is done by them, she insists that what is wanting is not so much money to help the needy—whether men or women—but *thought* to enable them to help themselves. She shows from Dr. Sanger's terrible book of New York misery, and Mayhew's Statistics in London, and Duchatelet, and other competent authorities, that the few avenues of employment open to woman force upon her the awful problem of Death or Dishonor: and then meeting the question boldly whether women are not poorly paid because they are poor workers, she shows quite clearly that the difficulty lies in a want of respect for women as workers, based upon other considerations than their industrial ability—and then a jealousy of them on the part of other laborers.

By showing what women have done, and what they are now doing, she reminds us how many spheres might yet be opened to them, and goes bravely into enumeration and detail: nor does she forget to allude to the moral amelioration of affairs that would ensue upon a more general participation of women in the higher work of the world. The book concludes with some practical plans by which the young women of a happier fortune in life, and who are constantly asking what they can do in the matter, may find something to do. The whole work is prepared in the most earnest, practical, intelligent spirit. She does not forget that in the order of nature there are peculiar cares that fall upon women. But she does not also forget—what is so universally forgotten—that upon most women, whether mothers or not, the necessity of labor is heavily laid. "Plenty of employments are open to them," she says, "but all are underpaid." And she believes that they will always be underpaid until women of the higher classes, by engaging in some kind of work, create a respect for women's labor: and women of the higher classes never will do this until "American men feel what all American men profess—a proper respect for labor as God's own demand upon every human soul."

The spirit of this little book is so candid, its tone is so earnest, and it is so interesting with curious facts and comparisons, that it properly challenges the consideration of all thoughtful men and women. Whether you agree, or whether you differ, you will hardly deny, when you have read it, that this is the way in which the question is to be discussed.

MOB-LAW.

THIS is dangerous law because it is double-edged. It is a sword that can cut both ways. When people are much interested in a question, and divided into two parties, they will naturally be impatient of each other; but whichever throws the first brick is responsible for all the bricks thrown. A's head is broken to-day, but B's turn comes to-morrow.

If there are not two parties but only one man against a crowd, then the crowd carry it, of course. They break a head, but they build a party. For, say what you will, there is an instinct of fair play. If a big dog picks on a little one, every honest fellow helps the little one all he can; and if a man gets his head broken for saying what he honestly thinks, the same honest fellow instinctively says, "The man's a fool, but he has as good a right to think his thoughts and say them as any body else."

But, you ask, will a wise, patriotic man provoke a mob?

Not if he can honestly help it. But to retire before the threat of a mob, what is that but to surrender the right of free speech, which in his particular case may be of no importance at all, but which as a principle is inestimable. What Mr. Jones thinks of any subject is probably indifferent to every body but Mrs. Jones and his family. But Jones is a citizen, and the first right of all citizens is to discuss all public matters; and if a mob say to Jones, "We don't care any thing about you, but we won't let you say what you think," then they do not threaten Jones, who is nobody, so much as the whole community, which is every body. Because if little Jones shall not say what he thinks, the mob will say, to-morrow, to that great man, Smith, that he sha'n't say what he thinks. And then where are you?

Where?

In a reign of terror.

Read Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," and you will see precisely where you are. Instead of a tyrant, who is a serpent with one head, you have a tyrant who is a hydra—a serpent of many heads. And it is only a question of time when those heads shall be cut off. The French reign of terror was only a mob *en permanence*, and ruled until a beneficent despot changed the form of tyranny.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—E. M. S. The tribute to Irving is affectionate, but not suited for the Lounger.

—OSCEOLE. Washington Irving was never married. Both Mr. Everett and Mr. Bancroft, in their remarks upon occasion of his death, allude to an early disappointment. Irving was engaged to be married, and the lady died. In his "Newstead Abbey" he speaks of Byron and Mary Chaworth, and says that an early and unfortunate attachment, however grievous it may be to the man, is of inestimable advantage to the poet. It is an unfailing well of sweet and bitter fancies.

"A Woman in White" is not the "Queen of Hearts." They are both by Wilkie Collins, who is also the author of "Basil," "Antonina," and "The Dead Secret."

—KNUCKLE DABSTER begs us to add a "marble column" to the *Weekly* on the grounds following: to wit—that is to say:

"*First.* It is an active and healthy amusement.

"*Second.* It gives to the player, without a formula of names, a clearer perception and intuitive knowledge of curves, angles, distances, and results of two bodies (marbles, for instance), where one strikes the other with greater or less velocity, than they would be likely to obtain in any plainer manner.

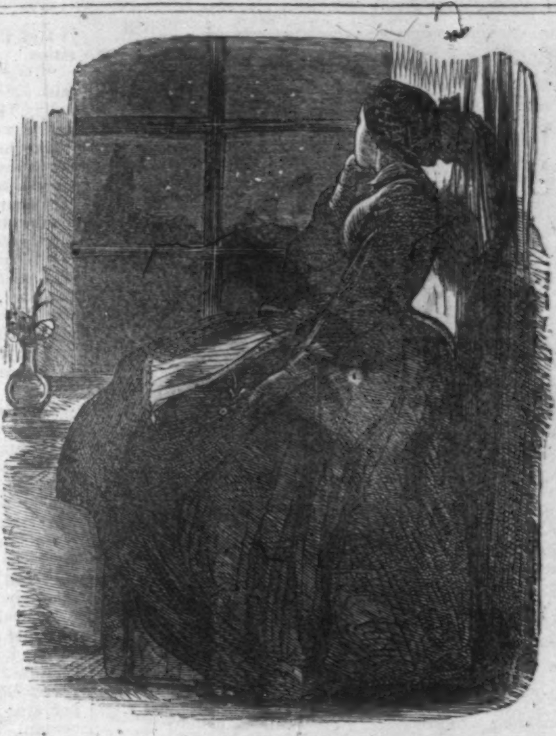
"*Third.* When playing for *keeps*, it gives an arithmetical exactness of loss and gain to boys who never learned their figures.

"*Fourth.* In case of disagreement in points of play, it has a tendency to remove timidity in oratorical powers, and enlarges the lungs."

—EUGENE is in a dilemma. He loved—perhaps loves—a lady. She loved him, and was to have his daguerreotype. He promised it; but she has cooled. Must he keep his promise? Eugene, say to her, with the d—— in your hand, not in your eye, "If you wish this, as you did when I promised it, the picture and the original are both yours. If not, not." You needn't use those very words; but you will find that the two little nots at the end will untie the great knot of the difficulty.

E. N. P. The Lounger's hearty thanks for the verses, but they are not quite the thing.

—WIGGLESWORTH asks what is the meaning of the proverb "Hobson's choice; that or none." Thomas Hobson, who drove a job-wagon between Cambridge, in England, and London, was born in 1544. He was a shrewd, honest man who made money; and seeing that students were fond of riding and driving he invested money in horse-flesh, and is said to have been the first man in England who ever let out hackney horses. He had forty always ready: but as there was no rival he did as he chose; and it was the rule of the stable that whoever came must take the horse next the door. Hence "this or none." Wigglesworth will find an interesting account of Hobson in Marson's "Life of Milton." Hobson was an old man of eighty when Milton went to Cambridge.



A LOST LOVE.

So fair, and yet so desolate;
So wan, and yet so young;
Oh, there is grief too deep for tears,
Too seal'd for tell-tale tongue!
With a faded floweret in her hand,
Poor little hand, so white!
And dim blue eye, from her casement high
She looks upon the night.

Only a little rosebud—
Only a simple flower—
But it blooms no more as it seem'd to bloom
Through many a lone, lone hour.
As they float from her fever'd touch away,
The petals wither'd and brown,
All the hopes she deem'd too bright to be dream'd
Sink trembling and fluttering down.

It needs no hush of the Present
To call back the sweet calm Past;
The lightest summer murmuring
May be heard through the wintry blast;
And the wind is rough with sob and with sough
To-night upon gable and tree,
Till the bare elms wail like spectres pale,
And the pines like a passionate sea.

But she thinks of a dreamy twilight
On the garden walk below,
Of the laurels whispering in their sleep,
And the white rose in full blow.

The early moon had sunk away
Like some pale queen, to die
In the costly shroud of an opal cloud
To the June air's tremulous sigh.

All, all too freshly real;
The soft subdued eclipse,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
And the thrill of the wedded lips;
Those tender memories, how they flush
Pale cheek and brow again,
Though heart be changed, and lip estranged,
That swore such loving then!

'Tis but the old, old story
Sung so often in vain;
For man all the freedom of passion,
For woman the calm and the pain.
Tell it the soul whose grief is read
In the poor, pale suffering face,
It will still cling on to a love that is gone
With the warmth of its first embrace.

Oh, 'tis well for the careless spirit
To weave the web of rhyme,
And prison the idle memories
That float on the breath of time;
But better for many an aching heart,
If ever it might be so,
To forget, to forget the light that has set,
And the dreams of long ago.

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TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XC.

WRITING A NAME.

ABEL NEWT'S black eyes glared as he ran down the steps of Hope Wayne's house. He saw nothing, he heard nothing in the street: he was only conscious of one vast resolve of vengeance. Upon whom? For what?

He had been busy enough during the night hours of many months practicing and perfecting his skill. The first lesson he had given himself somehow afforded him a deep and terrible satisfaction. For the first time in his life he seemed to himself to have an object, and one that could be pursued with all the ardor of his soul. Business, society, dissipation, had wearied while they amused and occupied. There was a sense of latent rust all the time; a feeling that his real capacity was immured. He was vaguely conscious that his talent was a steam-engine turning a child's wind-mill. As yet it was power without an adequate purpose.

Disaster conspired with ennui, disappointment, suspicion, and consequent hatred, to give him an object. From the night when he sat shrouded in absolute privacy, writing his uncle's name, he had plunged down a more precipitous descent of dissipation and desperation.

Hope Wayne had been impressed with this, not knowing how or why. Through her heart there swept sometimes a keen yearning of pity, like a half-muffled cry of despair across a bright placid day. She remembered that in all his career, so far as she knew it, there had seemed to be no holds for him as he dashed along. Like a victim slipping off a cliff, who can clutch no shrub, nor even seize the ground; like a man swept along a freshet, who can touch nothing but the raging stream, so he seemed to her wildly drifting from the beginning; no friendly hand, or heart, or voice outstretched to him, like a green bough, to grasp and swing himself to shore.

Why he more than another? What had Gabriel more than Abel? What had Lawrence?

She answered her own questions as she asked them; for she knew the Bennet home, and now she knew that Lawrence Newt had always carried in his heart a pure image and memory, like a heaven-lighted lamp burning in a shrine. In her chamber as she thought and prayed, so she wept for Abel Newt. With her old friend Mrs. Simcoe she talked and wondered and planned and despaired to help him. Her old friend stimulated every effort; for she said to herself that Hope's ardor for Abel was only the inversion of her own deep disappointment; and that she conquered her own grief by intently studying the tragedy of another. "It will divert her mind, poor child. It will keep her heart from breaking."

At length Abel was satisfied with his own skill. He had succeeded in writing his Uncle Lawrence's name so perfectly that even his uncle himself might be deceived. It was the night after his interview with Hope that he sat exultingly and fiercely covering sheet after sheet of paper with the exact signature of Lawrence Newt.

"There is the key to my fortune," he muttered, as he rose and walked in his room. "That little line of ink opens your strong coffers, Lawrence Newt. That charm makes me your master. Now your insolent morality and domineering goodness shall be paid off. I am your master, Sir; your master, and through you the master of the woman whose pride scorns and tramples me. 'Men like you are not born to fail,'" he said, remembering Belch's note.

"And, after all, it is only a game," he resumed, still moving about his room, and opening and shutting his hand rapidly. "Every body plays; and the devil take the hindmost. My dear Uncle Lawrence plays with his agents; and they with their dependents, and so on to the man who grows the stuff from which the goods are made. Father was right enough at bottom. It's all one whether a man is cheated one way or another. Lawrence Newt's money is not mine. But, good Heaven! is a customer's money mine, any more, to whom I sell poor goods? It's only another turn of the cards; another trick in the game. The knave is trumps."

Still his hands played, the fingers worked, he seated himself, and the argument went silently on.

The night deepened and darkened without. The clouds hung heavily, blotting out the stars. The wind that stole along the streets and round the corners of the city began to moan, and whisper, and wail, and rise and die in long, hollow murmurs. Still the minutes passed, and it began to swell and beat as if it had substance like a sea, and were submerging the earth. It stormed the windows and shook the casements and the blinds with rattling fury, and roared down the chimney, so that the smoke burst into the room affrighted, and hovered in tremulous clouds along the ceiling, shrinking from the blast. The night was in loud uproar, while the storm dashed and whirled and piled and drifted the snow that seethed, like foam, against the window, and completed the feeling of the sea.

With the sound of the snow came a sense of profound retirement—of deserted streets—of blinded, belated travelers—of the whole world of life crouching and cowering away into its various lairs and homes, and at last a thought of utter solitude; as if life had ceased outside, and the very eye of eyes were forgetful and closed.

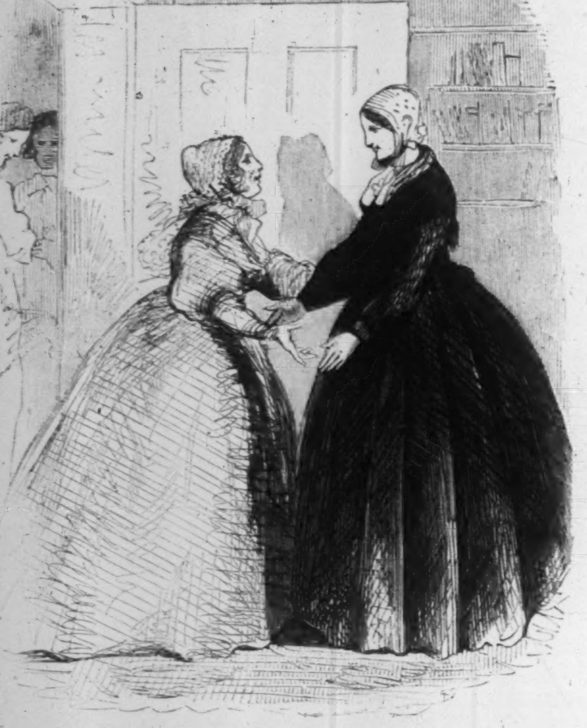
Abel Newt sat in grim apathy; partly conscious of the storm and of his own impressions, but carefully following some argument in his mind of which he was as little actively aware.

Yet he rose, and going to the writing-table seated himself again, and with a perfectly firm hand wrote something upon a slip of paper—and upon the back he wrote the name of Lawrence Newt—so that Hope Wayne herself would have been deceived, and thought it his own signature. Then he went quietly to bed.

CHAPTER XCI.

THE LOST IS FOUND.

THE guests arrived early at Lawrence Newt's dinner. They were not many, and they knew



"MARTHA! YOU DID NOT COME TO ME!"

and loved each other. It was a whim of Lawrence's to give dinners; to have them good, and to ask only the people he wanted, and who he thought would enjoy themselves together.

"I was a long time in society," he said to Mrs. Bennet as they stood by the fire, "before I discovered that it was not society. There are a good many people who have not yet found it out."

Mrs. Bennet looked round the room and saw all that were dear to her. But as her eyes fell upon Edward Wynne talking earnestly to Ellen, the curious likeness of his face to that of her lost sister struck her so forcibly that she turned suddenly to her companion as if to ask a question.

His eyes were following hers; his mind was wondering how to effect what he was resolved to do.

The party was not large, Mr. and Mrs. Bennet, Gabriel, and May Newt; Edward and Ellen; Amy Waring, Hope Wayne, and Arthur Merlin.

In reply to Mrs. Bennet's glance Lawrence Newt looked so inquiringly that his companion, checking herself with equal suddenness, replied:

"No, I didn't say any thing."

At the same moment Hope Wayne was called out of the room. Amy Waring was talking with her, and looked very much perplexed when she heard the servant say that a lady wished to see Miss Wayne. But she looked much more perplexed when, in a few moments, Hope returned with Fanny Newt. The murmur of the room was instantly hushed. May had told Gabriel; and her tender fingers had dressed Fanny and prepared her for a scene to which she was so long unaccustomed.

As Fanny entered there was the look of defiance in her eyes, as if she had put it on outside as an armor. But it melted and fell off when Lawrence came to her and shook her hand kindly and spoke a few words. Still she was silent and stiff, and looked on as if she were trying an experiment.

"I am glad Fanny is here," said Mrs. Bennet; "I do like to see families united."

"Yes," replied Lawrence, with his eyes fixed upon Edward—this time Mrs. Bennet following his; "for so often in the chances of life those who are separated and scattered, who are, indeed, as if dead are alive again, and the lost are found."

As he spoke he turned his eyes suddenly from Edward Wynne to Mrs. Bennet. They were evidently both thinking of the same thing.

"Yes," continued Lawrence Newt, answering a question which had not been asked, "I have often observed it. It is a remarkable likeness."

They still looked at each other. Mrs. Bennet's lip trembled.

"Does it seem to you so very long ago that we used to play together, Lucia Darro?" he asked.

"No, and yet I have lived a life since then," she answered, and stopped as if something were left unsaid.

"So have we all," he replied; and involuntarily his eyes wandered away to Amy Waring.

And hers were fastened upon him, and could not turn away as his met them, but gazed at him with a frank calmness that brought the tears into his, for he remembered Aunt Martha's words which had never been silent in his mind since she spoke them, but forever repeated themselves in ceaseless music, "Amy Waring loves you."

"How much," he said, quietly, as he turned to Mrs. Bennet, "Edward Wynne looks like your sister Martha!"

It was the first time Mrs. Bennet had heard her sister's name mentioned by any stranger for years. But Lawrence spoke as calmly and naturally as if Martha Darro had been the subject of their conversation.

"Poor Martha!" said Mrs. Bennet, sadly, "How mysterious it was!"

Her husband saw her as she spoke, and he was so struck by the mournfulness of her face that he came quietly over.

"What is it?" he said, gently.

"For my son who was dead is alive again. He was lost and is found," said Lawrence Newt, solemnly.

Mrs. Bennet looked troubled, startled, almost frightened. The words were full of significance, the tone was not to be mistaken. She looked at Lawrence Newt with incredulous eagerness. He shook his head assentingly.

"Alive?" she gasped rather than asked.

"And well," he continued.

Mrs. Bennet closed her eyes in a silent prayer. A light so sweet stole over her matronly face that Lawrence Newt did not fear to say,

"And near you; come with me!"

They left the room together; and Amy Waring, who had had her secret for the day as well as Hope Wayne, now rose, to Hope's surprise, and followed her aunt from the room.

The three stopped at the door of Lawrence Newt's study.

"Your sister is here," said he, and Amy and he remained outside while Mrs. Bennet entered the room.

It was more than twenty years since they had met, and they clasped each other silently and wept for a long time.

"Martha!"

"Lucia!"

It was all they said; and wept again quietly.

Aunt Martha was dressed in sober black. Her face was very comely; for the hardness that came with morbid zeal was mellowed, and the sadness of experience softened it.

"I have lived not far from you, Lucia, all these long years."

"Martha! and you did not come to me?"

"I did not dare. Listen, Lucia. If a woman who had always gratified her love of admiration and gloried in the power of gratifying it—who conquered men and loved to conquer them—who was a woman of ungoverned will and indomitable pride, should encounter—as how often they do?—a man who utterly conquered her, and betrayed her through the very weakness that springs from pride, do you not see that such a woman would go near to insanity—as I have been—believing that I had committed the unpardonable sin, and that no punishment could be painful enough?"

Mrs. Bennet looked alarmed.

"No, no; there is no reason," said her sister, observing it.

"The man came. I could not resist him. There was a form of marriage. I believed that it was I who had conquered. He left me; my child was born. I appealed to Lawrence Newt, our old friend and playmate. He promised me faithful secrecy, and through him the child was sent where Gabriel was at school. Then I withdrew from both. I thought it was the will of God. I felt myself commanded to a living death—dead to every friend and kinsman—dead to every thing but my degradation and its punishment; and yet consciously close to you, near to all old haunts and familiar faces—lost to them all—lost to my child—" Her voice faltered, and the tears gushed from her eyes. "But I persevered. The old passionate pride was changed to a kind of religious frenzy. Lawrence Newt went and came to and from India. I was utterly lost. I knew that my child would never know me, for Lawrence had promised that he would not betray me; and, when I disappeared from his view, gradually came to consider me dead. Then Amy discovered me among the poor souls she visited, and, through Amy, Lawrence Newt; and by them I have been led out of the valley of the shadow of death, and see the blessed light of love once more."

She was entirely overcome, and bowed her head in uncontrollable emotion.

"And your son?" said her sister, half-smiling through her sympathetic tears.

"Will be yours also, Amy tells me," said Aunt Martha. "Thank God! thank God!"

"Martha, who gave him his name?" asked Mrs. Bennet.

Aunt Martha paused for a little while. Then she said:

"You never knew who my—my—husband was?"

"Never."

"I remember—he never came to the house. Well, I gave my child almost his father's name. I called him Wynne; his father's name was Wayne."

Mrs. Bennet clasped her hands in her lap.

"How wonderful! how wonderful!" was all she said.

Lawrence Newt knocked at the door, and Amy and he came in. There was so sweet and strange a light upon Amy's face that Mrs. Bennet looked at her in surprise. Then she looked at Lawrence Newt; and he cheerfully returned her glance with that smiling, musing expression in his eyes that was utterly bewildering to Mrs. Bennet. She could only look at each of the persons before her, and repeat her last words:

"How wonderful! how wonderful!"

Amy Waring, who had not heard the previous conversation, blushed as she heard her aunt speak, as if she had been alluding to something in which Amy was particularly interested.

"Amy," said Mrs. Bennet.

Amy could scarcely raise her eyes. There was an exquisite maidenly shyness overspreading her whole person. At length she looked the response she could not speak.

"How could you?" asked her aunt.

Poor Amy was utterly unable to reply.

"Coming and going in my house, my dearest friend, and yet hugging such a secret, and holding your tongue. Oh Amy, Amy!"

These were the words of reproach, but the tone and look and impression of entire love and sympathy. Lawrence Newt looked calmly on.

"Aunt Lucia, what could I do?" was all that Amy could say.

"Well, well, I do not reproach you; I blame nobody. I am too glad and happy. It is too wonderful, wonderful!"

There was a fullness and intensity of emphasis in what she said that apparently made Amy suspect that she had not correctly understood her aunt's intention.

"Oh, you mean about Aunt Martha!" said Amy, with an air of relief and surprise.

Lawrence Newt smiled. Mrs. Bennet turned to Amy with a fresh look of inquiry.

"About Aunt Martha? Of course about Aunt Martha. Why, Amy, what on earth did you suppose it was about?"

Again the overwhelming impossibility to reply. Mrs. Bennet was very curious. She looked at her sister Martha, who was smiling intelligently. Then at Lawrence Newt, who did not cease smiling, as if he were in no perplexity whatsoever. Then at Amy, who sat smiling at her through the tears that had gathered in the thoughtful womanly brown eyes.

"Let me speak," said Lawrence Newt, quietly. "Why should we not all be glad and happy with you? You have found a sister, Aunt Martha has found herself and a son, I have found a wife, and Amy a husband."

Before any body could speak there was another knock at the door. Lawrence opened it, and Edward Wynne and Ellen Bennet came in, with wondering eyes and smiles. The secret had been told to Edward some little time before by the eager Ellen, who had obtained an express dispensation from Aunt Martha, Amy, and Lawrence Newt.

They saw at a glance that every thing was revealed.

"Come," said Edward, "do you mean to leave us without any dinner except our own curiosity? There are as hungry and as curious people as you ever saw in the dining-room. Won't you go and relieve them, Mr. Newt?"

"Wonderful! wonderful!" ejaculated Mrs. Bennet again, as the entrance of the blooming Ellen reminded her afresh of her happiness.

They went into the room where they had left the guests; and the story was quietly told to Hope Wayne and the others.

Hope and Edward looked at each other.

"Little Malacca!" she said, in a low tone, putting out her hand.

"Sister Hope," said the young man, blushing, and his large eyes filling with tenderness.

"And my sister, too," whispered Ellen Bennet, as she took Hope's other hand.

CHAPTER XCII.

REST.

HOPE WAYNE returned to her house after the eventful dinner. Mrs. Simcoe was sitting up waiting, and greeted her kindly. But she saw some trouble in Hope's eye. She thought the struggle had been too much for her. But Hope was musing upon the strange chance which now called her to undeceive her old friend as tenderly as she herself had been undeceived by her.

She threw off her cloak and stood by the side of Mrs. Simcoe, holding her hand.

"Aunty, let me see my father's miniature."

It was the first time she had asked for it, and the older woman carefully produced it.

Hope Wayne took it in her hands, while it still hung around her companion's neck. She looked for a long time at the handsome, heartless face, while all she knew of him passed slowly and vividly through her mind.

"And you believed him?" she asked at length, without raising her eyes.

"Hope, it is your father."

"Yes, but I am my *mother's* daughter," she whispered, almost inaudibly, but with a meaning that Mrs. Simcoe instantly felt. She meant to say she had but one parent.

"Let us be charitable, darling," whispered Mrs. Simcoe, in return, with a trembling, appealing pathos in her voice; "and I think," she added, slowly, almost inaudibly, and with a supplicating deference—"Yes, God help me, I think that he loved me."

Hope Wayne was silent. Must she, of all the world, say what must be said? Yet, if it must be said, how much better that loving lips should say it.

"Aunty, we are all so weak, whom can we trust but one?"

There was something holy in her aspect as she said the words. Their foreshadowing meaning seemed to trickle into the very soul of her companion, who replied with bowed head and piteous voice:

"What is it, Hope—what is it?"

Then Hope Wayne told her what she had learned about Aunt Martha and Edward Wynne. She told it as tenderly as a child consoles her stricken mother. The very tone of her words was balm to the wounds they made. And there was no resistance in the hearer. She sat still with the bowed head, and listened. And, as she listened, she wondered if it were necessary to her perfect trial that the last hope and dream of life should be torn away, and that the faith kept through long, silent years of martyrdom should be proved to be a delusion.

Motionless, bent, and as if breathless, she sat while Hope spoke, and after she was still. Hope Wayne thought of the handsome, heartless face that had been the secret of so many lives; and in the whirl of so many revelations she had scarcely time to remember her own disappointments and griefs.

After a long silence Mrs. Simcoe raised her head, and said, in a calm, untroubled voice:

"'Lord, I believe a rest remains!'"

and repeated the whole of the familiar hymn.

While she was saying it Hope watched her with some apprehension. But it was needless. Mrs. Simcoe gently disengaged the locket from her neck, and held it while she was yet repeating the words, and when she had said the last she looked tranquilly at Hope.

"Every fibre of every root must be severed. I fear now as I look at this miniature, Hope, that I have worn it almost as a talisman. I have clung passionately—perhaps partly unconscious how strongly—to the image of a poor, weak man. I loved him while he lived. Since he died my life has been but a memory of him. I was deceived—" She stopped. The tranquil sadness of the tone brought the hot tears to Hope Wayne's eyes. "Yes, I was deceived. But oh, Hope, he said, 'So help me God!'"

She bowed her head upon Hope's shoulder, and it seemed as if her frame would be rent by the convulsive sobs which burst from her. Hope soothed her as well as she was able; but the great torrent, the accumulated freshet of years must have its way, and it was long before she was tranquil. Then she said, placing the miniature in Hope's hand,

"It is yours now, darling. You are his child. And I—I—only loved him."

There was no more sobbing, and her eyes were dry.

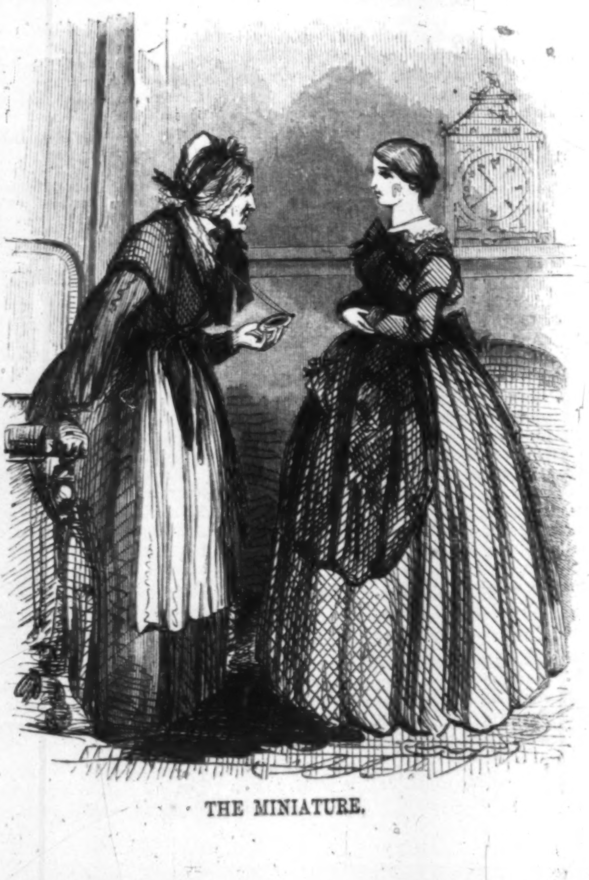
"Come, Hope, dear, it is very late; let us go up."

They kissed each other and went up stairs.

"Those wings are his tender promise. That rest is the peace of heaven," whispered Hope, as Mrs. Simcoe stopped at the door of her room.

"I remember, darling—and I believe."

With these words Mrs. Simcoe closed her door.



THE MINIATURE.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 19th December, in the Senate, the Vice-President being absent, Senator Fitzpatrick was elected President *pro tempore* by 33 votes, 19 being cast for Senator Hamlin. A clerk was granted to Senator Mason's Investigating Committee. Speeches on the slavery question were made by Senators Pugh, Gwin, Lane, and Brown.——In the House, speeches on the slavery question were made by Messrs. Gilmer, Singleton, Hickman, Curtis, and Logan. A vote for Speaker was then had, resulting as follows: For Sherman, 112; Bocock, 85, Boteler, 21; Scattering, 12. Mr Bocock then, after returning thanks to his friends, withdrew his name, and another vote was had, resulting: For Sherman, 112; Boteler, 29; Bocock, 19; Miles Taylor, 12; Phelps, 16; Scattering, 42. A third vote was had: For Sherman, 110; Boteler, 31; Barksdale, 20; Bocock, 12; Miles Taylor, 9; Scattering, 46. The House then adjourned.

On Tuesday 20th, in the Senate, the Homestead Bill was introduced by Senator Johnson, read twice, and referred. Senator Harlan moved that inquiry be made into the propriety of authorizing the people of Utah and New Mexico to elect all their territorial officials. Postponed till Monday next, on motion of Senator Green.——In the House, Mr. Taylor vainly attempted to obtain a pair for his colleague, Mr. Landrum, detained at home by illness. Mr. Hickman pressed the adoption of the plurality rule. Speeches on the slavery question were made by Messrs. Holman and John Cochrane, after which a vote for Speaker was had with this result: For Mr. Sherman, 111; Mr. M'Clernand, 21; Mr. Boteler, 39; Mr. Barksdale, 15; Scattering, 42. Another vote showed for Mr. Sherman, 110; Mr. Boteler, 43; Mr. M'Clernand, 25; Mr. Barksdale, 10; Scattering, 38. The third vote stood: For Mr. Sherman, 109; Mr. Boteler, 38; Mr. M'Clernand, 28; Scattering, 48. Necessary to a choice, 112. The House then adjourned.

On Wednesday, 21st, in the Senate, Senator Iverson gave notice of a bill to amend the Court of Claims Act, and of another to change the mode of appointing West Point Cadets. The standing committees were announced in executive session. Senator Slidell introduced a bill appropriating money to facilitate the acquisition of Cuba. Several bills were introduced by Senator Bayard. The Senate then went into executive session, and adjourned.——In the House, the debate on the Helper book was resumed by Messrs. Davidson, Cobb, Etheridge, Clark, M'Clernand, and Morris. Mr. Boteler having withdrawn his name as a candidate for Speaker, nominating General Millson, a vote for Speaker was had, giving Mr. Sherman, 106; Mr. Millson, 96; Mr. Gilmer, 6; Mr. Etheridge, 7; Mr. Davis, of Indiana, 4; Scattering, 7. Necessary to a choice, 114. The House shortly after adjourned.

On Thursday, 22d, in the Senate, Senator Lane introduced a bill to reimburse Oregon for the expenses of the Indian wars; Mr. Gwin brought up his Pacific Railroad Bill of last session. Mr. Clay, his bill of last session to abrogate fishing bounties; Mr. Davis, his bill organizing the Territory of Arizona Other measures of minor importance had been presented, when Mr. Slidell moved a resolution that when the Senate adjourn, it adjourn until Tuesday, and that when it then adjourns, it shall be to the following Friday, and from that day again to Tuesday, January 3. The resolution, notwithstanding certain constitutional objections urged by Mr. Collamer, was adopted.——In the House, after a desultory discussion between the South Americans and the Democrats, the voting was resumed. The eighteenth ballot stood: for Sherman, 95; for Millson, 79; for Gilmer, 59; for Davis, of Indiana, 4; for Adrian, 3; scattering, 6. Necessary to elect, 112. The nineteenth effort gave Sherman, 108; Millson, 69; Gilmer, 21; scattering, 26. The House then adjourned.

WHY THE REPUBLICANS ARE SILENT.

On Thursday, 22d, in reply to a motion for an adjournment over the holidays, Mr. Grow said:

"Before any serious effort was made to organize the House, this discussion of the whole slavery question was forced upon us by the gentlemen who cry 'No agitation of slavery.' They have continued the discussion from that day to this, while gentlemen upon this side of the House have sat with closed lips under the grossest perversions of their doctrines ever attempted by men who claim to be fair-minded. We ask that the House should go on with its business. There are now about five millions of dollars due to honest creditors of the government—to men who have performed service under written contracts, and to whom the faith of the government was pledged; and now, when they have performed that service, and waited six months for their pay, you propose to go to your homes and leave these men to be bankrupt, because the government will not keep its faith with them. We ask that the plighted faith of the government shall be observed to all men, but above all to its just creditors, who have performed service under written contracts with it.

* * * * * * *

"My friends have seen fit, in which I think they act wisely, to withhold from discussing questions at this time, and to ask that the House make a serious effort to organize by going to business in a proper manner; that is, by voting for a Speaker, or receiving propositions for electing one. Let this be our business, and let these questions of political doctrines be discussed after the House has been organized, and you have paid the creditors of the Government, who to-day stand on the very threshold of bankruptcy.

* * * * * * *

"Now, I ask the friends with whom I co-operate, and I ask you, gentlemen, to do that which you have not yet attempted; that is, to join in discharging those duties we came here to perform under the law of Congress. Let us unite in fulfilling the obligations of the oath we are under to the whole country, and to the meritorious class of men whom the faith of your government is pledged to protect and preserve from bankruptcy, they having faithfully performed their part of the contract. I have no authority for making the declaration, but I have heard it intimated that when the first day of January comes, if your government is not ready to comply with the conditions of the contracts entered into by you for the transportation of the mails, and to pay down the five millions of dollars you owe the contractors, they will abandon your mail service. I say to you, then, if you choose, let the mail service of the country stop, rather than to go on under the law of Congress and organize the House. Then take the responsibility upon your own shoulders; we have none of it with you. The country looks to you alone, and with you rest all the consequences. We take no part; we have all along refrained from taking any part in this exciting, this useless discussion, which delays the organization of the House. We will consent to no adjournment over the holidays for the convenience or the amusement of members, while the business of the country is delayed, and while the contractors for the performance of the public service are left unprovided for."

GROW ON THE HELPER BOOK.

"Now, if gentlemen are satisfied with advertising broadcast through the land this pamphlet, which they say is so destructive to their peace and tranquillity—if they are satisfied to give a circulation to that pamphlet of thousands where it had scarcely a solitary one before—then you have performed a work that the Black Republican committee of New York would thank you, and did indeed thank you, for. That committee had tried for more than a year to get up a circulation for that pamphlet, and they failed to do so; but you, gentlemen, on that side, have advertised and circulated it throughout the length and breadth of the land; and if it be as incendiary as you say it is, and if it be so calculated to disturb your peace of mind—ay, almost to the destruction of your peculiar institutions and so destructive to the repose of the Union—then I tell you emphatically that you yourselves are responsible for it, and for all that has occurred. We, on this side, have given it no advertisement. We have not caused its circulation in thousands.

* * * * * * *

"You stand here discussing what a pamphlet of one hundred and twelve pages contains, and whether it is calculated to overthrow the Union. Is the peace of the country to be disturbed, is this great and glorious Union to be overturned, by a printed pamphlet of one hundred and twelve pages? I say, if so, this Union is not so strong as I supposed it was. It can not be, if a miserable pamphlet of one hundred and twelve pages of printed matter can disturb its tranquillity."

NEW TREATY WITH MEXICO.

The United States ship *Brooklyn* arrived at New Orleans last week from Vera Cruz, with Minister M'Lane and family, and the treaty with the Juarez Government of Mexico, which was ratified on the 14th inst. This treaty provides for right of way across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and from Arizona to the Gulf of California; the free transit of merchandise, troops, and military stores by both routes; no forced loans; religious freedom; our right to protect the transit routes by force. Mexico is to receive material aid, in the shape of four million dollars, in compensation for the release of duties.

THE CORTINAS FORAY AT BROWNSVILLE.

Our dates from Brownsville are to December 2. At that time Cortinas retained his position before the city, having strongly intrenched himself, and mustered a force too numerous for the besieged to think of attacking him. On the 20th ult., with a view to protecting the advance of reinforcements, the Rangers, with two pieces of artillery, left the town with their two howitzers, and were making their way through the chaparral, when they fell into an ambuscade of the enemy, and after a desperate but hopeless fight were obliged to retreat, leaving many dead and wounded on the field. It is stated that the troops of Cortinas massacred all whom they captured.

AFFAIRS AT CHARLESTOWN.

A telegram from Charlestown, dated December 21, says: "The military are daily leaving, as fast as the railroad can carry them homeward. The Finecastle Guards left this morning. The military government will cease on Saturday, when General Taliaferro and his staff will depart. The restoration of the civil government and civil rights will be the occasion of a grand jubilee among the people.

"President Buchanan has addressed a note to Andrew Hunter, asking whether Stevens will be tried in the United States Court or by the Virginia authorities. He was unable to give any definite answer, on account of the refusal of Attorney Harding to enter a *nolle prosequi*."

UNION MEETING AT NEW YORK.

The Union meeting at the Academy of Music on Monday night was an immense demonstration of the conservative sentiment of the metropolis. Not only was the capacious building completely filled, but in the adjoining streets several meetings were organized, while martial music, the roar of artillery, brilliant fire-works and blazing bonfires added interest to the occasion and impressiveness to the scene. Speeches were made by Charles O'Conor, Mayor Tiemann, Washington Hunt, James S. Thayer, and Professor Mitchill, and letters were read from General Winfield Scott, ex-Presidents Fillmore, Van Buren, and Pierce, and other distinguished citizens.

MEDICAL STUDENTS GOING SOUTH.

The whole body of Southern medical students in the various colleges at Philadelphia, to the number of three or four hundred, last week resolved to secede from the city of Brotherly Love, and betake themselves to some Southern University Some of them have already gone.

The Southern students of the New York medical schools assembled on Wednesday to deliberate upon the propriety of following the example of the fraternity in Philadelphia. After abundant discussion, in which the Union sentiment was greatly in the ascendant, a call was made for the seceders to surround the chairman, when only fourteen, out of three hundred and more, exhibited their willingness to withdraw.

THEIR ARRIVAL AT RICHMOND.

A dispatch dated Richmond, Virginia, December 22, says: "The medical students, on their arrival from Philadelphia, were received by the Faculty and students of the Medical College, the Governor's Guard, and an immense throng of citizens. The procession marched to the Governor's mansion, where an address was delivered by Governor Wise. It thence proceeded to the College, where Professor Gibson made a speech. Dinner was partaken of at the Columbian Hotel. There was great enthusiasm and waving of handkerchiefs along the route."

BURIAL OF JOHN E. COOK.

The remains of John E. Cook were interred last week, from the residence of Samuel L. Harris, Esq., in Williamsburgh. Several hundred persons attended, of whom a large number, including many ladies, waited in the rain nearly two hours for an opportunity to view the body. This was afforded at the close of the services. The funeral address was delivered by Rev Mr Caldicott, who read two of Cook's final letters to his wife and friends. No indorsement of Cook's act was expressed during the ceremonies.

PERSONAL.

The new French Minister to the United States, M. Theodore Mercier, was born in the year 1804, and was made Prefect of La Marche and L'Oise under the dynasty of July. In the year 1852 he was sent to the Corps Legislatif by the Department of La Mayenne, as a candidate of the Government. He is also an officer of the Legion of Honor. His father, Baron Jacques Mercier, the French deputy and politician, was born in 1776, and under the Empire was one of the richest manufacturers of L'Orne. He was Mayor and President of the Tribunal of Commerce at Alençon, and received the title of Baron from Napoleon. In 1815 he was in the Chamber of Representatives. In 1827 he was elected a Deputy, and constantly voted with the advanced liberals: and in 1830, having rallied to the policy of Louis Philippe, he was defeated in the elections of 1834. He then re-entered the opposition, and was re-elected from 1837 to 1848 In 1852 he accepted the patronage of the Government in the district of Alençon, and entered the Corps Legislatif. Baron Mercier is, like his son, an officer of the Legion of Honor.

The widow of the famous Morgan, of anti-Masonic notoriety, is now a resident of the vicinity of Memphis, Tennessee. The *Appeal*, of that city, says: "She has been connected with Leath Orphan Asylum since her advent here, and her labors in behalf of the poor and unfortunate will not soon be forgotten by the recipients of her favors."

Hon. R. W Johnson, of Arkansas, in a letter to the editor of the Pine Bluff *Independent*, reiterates his fixed determination to retire from public position at the close of his present Senatorial term.

Ex-President Pierce intends to pass the winter at the Bahama Islands. The place has been recommended by the highest medical authority in Boston as promising, by its climate and other surroundings, beneficial results to the health of Mrs. Pierce, which it is found can not bear the severity of our winter in New England. Gen. Pierce proposes to spend a few days at Hartford, on a visit to his friend ex-Governor Seymour, of Connecticut

Baron Solomon Rothschild is at the Clarendon Hotel.

By the steamer *Vanderbilt*, from Havre, Señor Dn. Juan Bello, recently appointed Chargé d'Affaires at Washington for the republic of Chili, arrived in this city, with his family, and is now at the Clarendon Hotel. Señor Bello has been for some time Secretary of the Chilian Legation at Paris, and owes his diplomatic promotion to the ability he has displayed in the service of his Government. He is yet comparatively a young man, and on his mother's side springs from an excellent English family, combining thus the two races which predominate on this continent We believe Chili has never before had a permanent representative in Washington, but the rapidly growing trade and intercourse between the two countries have made the establishment of a legation there a necessity. Señor Bello will proceed to Washington in a few days.

Hon. John A. Gilmer, the standard-bearer of the South Americans in Congress, is a North Carolinian. He lives in Greensborough, is a lawyer, and was a State Senator for ten years previous to his election to Congress in 1857.

Professor Sedgwick, of London, has received a communication from Dr. Livingstone, dated, "River Zambesi, East Africa, May 27." Dr. Livingstone reports the discovery of a real highland lake region, where the inhabitants cultivate cotton very extensively, while, he adds, "every one spins and weaves it."

Rev. P. D. Gurley, D.D., who has just been elected Chaplain to the Senate, is the highly esteemed pastor of the New York Avenue (late F Street) Presbyterian Church, of which President Buchanan is a very regular attendant.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

A LETTER FROM NAPOLEON TO BRITISH MERCHANTS.

The following translation of a letter addressed by M. Mocquard, in the name of the Emperor of the French, to four merchants of Liverpool, who had written to Napoleon III., inquiring his intentions in reference to England, has been published:

"PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, *November* 30.

"*To Messrs. Shaw, Melliz, Irving, and Blackwell, merchants at Liverpool:*

"GENTLEMEN,—You have addressed yourselves direct to the Emperor, to know what were his intentions as regards England. Great fear or great confidence alone could explain this step. On the one side you are possessed by the imaginary trouble which appears to have seized your country with the rapidity of an epidemic, and, on the other, you reckon on the loyalty of him from whom you desire a reply. It was, however, easy for you yourselves to give it, if you had calmly examined the true cause of your apprehensions. That cause you would have found only in all those rumors created among your fellow-countrymen, for the obstinate propagation of the most chimerical of alarms; because, until now, under whatever circumstances, there has not been a word or act of the Emperor which could permit a doubt of his sentiments, and, consequently, of his intentions toward your country. His conduct, invariably the same, has not ceased for one moment to show him as a faithful and irreproachable ally That which he has been he will (I declare it to you in his name) continue to be—witness again to-day the approaching community of perils, to be shared at a great distance by your soldiers and ours.

"Thus, henceforth, fully reassured, oppose an error too much spread. Great nations should appreciate, but not fear each other. Receive, gentlemen, the expression of my distinguished sentiments.

"The Secretary of the Emperor,
"Chef du Cabinet,
"MOCQUARD."

WHAT THE PRESS SAY OF IT.

A Liverpool correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian* writes thus on the 4th inst.:

"Nothing definite transpired on Saturday relating to the correspondence between four gentlemen in Liverpool and the Emperor of the French. It is stated, however, that the letter in question was written by the four gentlemen while enjoying the pleasures of a 'full board' one evening about a fortnight since. Nothing serious was dreamed of; the letter was posted, but a reply was never anticipated. A copy was not even kept, and the whole matter was looked upon as a good joke. The conduct of the writers of the letter to the Emperor was met by a hearty denunciation by nearly all the local papers."

The London *Post* of the 6th inst. remarks on the letter writers:

"'Tell him to be "d—d" in civil French!' was the Duke of Wellington's direction to his secretary when an impertinent foreigner asked him an absurd question. Napoleon's indorsement on the letter of the 'four Liverpool merchants' was probably the same, though it reads very prettily in M. Mocquard's neat and antithetical wording."

CONDITION OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "The *Great Eastern* seems approaching another crisis in her eventful career. The finishing is at a stand-still. There is an arbitration pending with the builder, a debt of some £20,000 hangs over the concern, and £40,000 or £50,000 more are required to put her in good working condition. The twenty-shilling shares are down to ten shillings, and nobody knows what to do. The upshot of it all will be, probably, a meeting of the shareholders and a merging of the company in another taking the present shares at what they will bring in the market. The public have little confidence in the directory, except, perhaps, the chairman and Mr. Talbot; Mr. P—— and the Board are divided among themselves as to their future policy."

FRANCE.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS.

The European Congress is to meet on the 5th of January, but it is thought that little business will be done before the 15th of the month. An important announcement is made to the effect that England will not send a plenipotentiary direct from London to the body, but that Lord Cowley, being in Paris, would attend the sittings, being instructed to make his interference in Italian affairs as little prominent as possible.

HOW THE EMPRESS SPENDS HER MORNINGS.

A correspondent of the *Herald* writes from Compiègne: "The following anecdote was related to me as an illustration of the manner in which the Empress manages to pass her mornings. The story has, I believe, already been told, but will not from that fact lose its interest—the more so, as it only occurred last week:

"A few days since her Majesty was walking in the forest with some of the guests, when a little girl of about nine or ten years of age, neatly, but poorly dressed, met the imperial party. On perceiving the Empress the child uttered a shout of joy, rushed up frantically, and threw her arms around the neck of her Majesty. The Empress returned her embrace, and then inquired kindly after her mother.

"'She is better,' said the little girl, 'and often wonders when you are coming to see us again, *chere dame*.'

"'I shall come soon,' said the Empress, smiling. 'Give her this for me, and *au revoir*.'

"The ladies and gentlemen of the party were anxious to know how the Empress could have discovered those poor people, who live quite at the extremity of the town of Compiègne, without the people themselves knowing who was their benefactress They afterward found out that the Empress was in the habit of rising at an early hour and going, quite unattended, into the poor quarters of the town to distribute alms to those in distress. Ever since her first visit to Compiègne she has done this, and had it not been for the accidental meeting of the little girl who explained to the ladies and gentlemen that the 'lady'—pointing to the Empress—had been a *bon ange* to them and to many others in the village, this act of charity would have remained unknown. I was assured that the Emperor, on the discovery of this additional evidence of his noble spouse's generosity of heart, kissed her hand in presence of all the guests, declaring that every day developed some new and charming trait in her character."

VICTOR HUGO ON JOHN BROWN.

The following is part of an address which has been published:

"When we reflect on what Brown, the liberator, the champion of Christ, has striven to effect, and when we remember that he is about to die, slaughtered by the American republic, the crime assumes the proportions of the nation which commits it; and when we say to ourselves that this nation is a glory of the human race; that—like France, like England, like Germany—she is one of the organs of civilization; that she sometimes even outmarches Europe by the sublime audacity of her progress; that she is the queen of an entire world, and that she bears on her brow an immense light of freedom, we affirm that John Brown will not die, for we recoil, horror-struck, from the idea of so great a crime committed by so great a people.

"In a political light the murder of Brown would be an irreparable fault. It would penetrate the Union with a secret fissure, which would in the end tear it asunder. It is possible that the execution of Brown might consolidate slavery in Virginia, but it is certain that it would convulse the entire American democracy. You preserve your shame, but you sacrifice your glory.

"In a moral light, it seems to me that a portion of the light of humanity would be eclipsed—that even the idea of justice and injustice would be obscured on the day which should witness the assassination of emancipation by liberty.

"As for myself, though I am but an atom, yet being, as I am, in common with all other men, inspired with the conscience of humanity, I kneel in tears before the great starry banner of the New World, and with clasped hands, and with profound and filial respect, I implore the illustrious American republic, sister of the French republic, to look to the safety of the universal moral law, to save Brown, to throw down the threatening scaffold of the 16th of December, and not to suffer, beneath its eyes, and I add, with a shudder, almost by its fault, the first fratricide be outdone.

"For—yes, let America know it and ponder it well—there is something more terrible than Cain slaying Abel—it is Washington slaying Sparticus.

"VICTOR HUGO.

"HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, *Dec.* 2, 1859."

TURKEY.

EDICT ON THE DRESS OF TURKISH LADIES.

The *Journal de Constantinople* publishes the text of an imperial edict regulating the costumes of the ladies in Turkey, in conformity with Mussulman tradition. We give the principal points of the document:

"All women must take the greatest care to refrain from every thing contrary to good conduct, and must watch most attentively over the honor of their family. The laws and customs of other nations have regulated all that is connected with the observance of morality. According to the Mohammedan law, the first obligation for women consists in the use of the vail; consequently, for a Turkish woman to depart from the observance of that custom is a breach of not only a social duty, but of a precept of faith. Nevertheless, for some time past a certain number of women, contrary to the laws of propriety, make use of very thin vails, and of dresses made of materials which have never before been used for such purposes, and walk about with their features and person too much seen. They moreover affect indelicate manners, and in the public promenades mix with men. Henceforth all women, whoever they may be, on leaving their houses, must wear thick vails which completely cover their features, and be clad in dresses of cloth or other suitable material without embroidery, trimmings, or external ornaments of any kind. They must not show themselves out of doors simply in stockings and slippers, but must wear half-boots in yellow morocco leather, or some other suitable and decent covering for the feet. When they go out to make purchases, they are strictly prohibited from entering shops, but must stop on the outside to be served, and must not remain longer than is absolutely necessary. When they are on the public promenades they must confine themselves to the part reserved for females. Any woman who shall be guilty of acts against the law will be severely punished. No family shall keep equipages beyond their means, and the drivers must be most carefully selected. The men must also conform to the laws of propriety, particularly in the streets, or they will subject themselves to severe punishment."

CANADA.

OPENING OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.

A telegram from Montreal, dated Saturday, December 17, says:

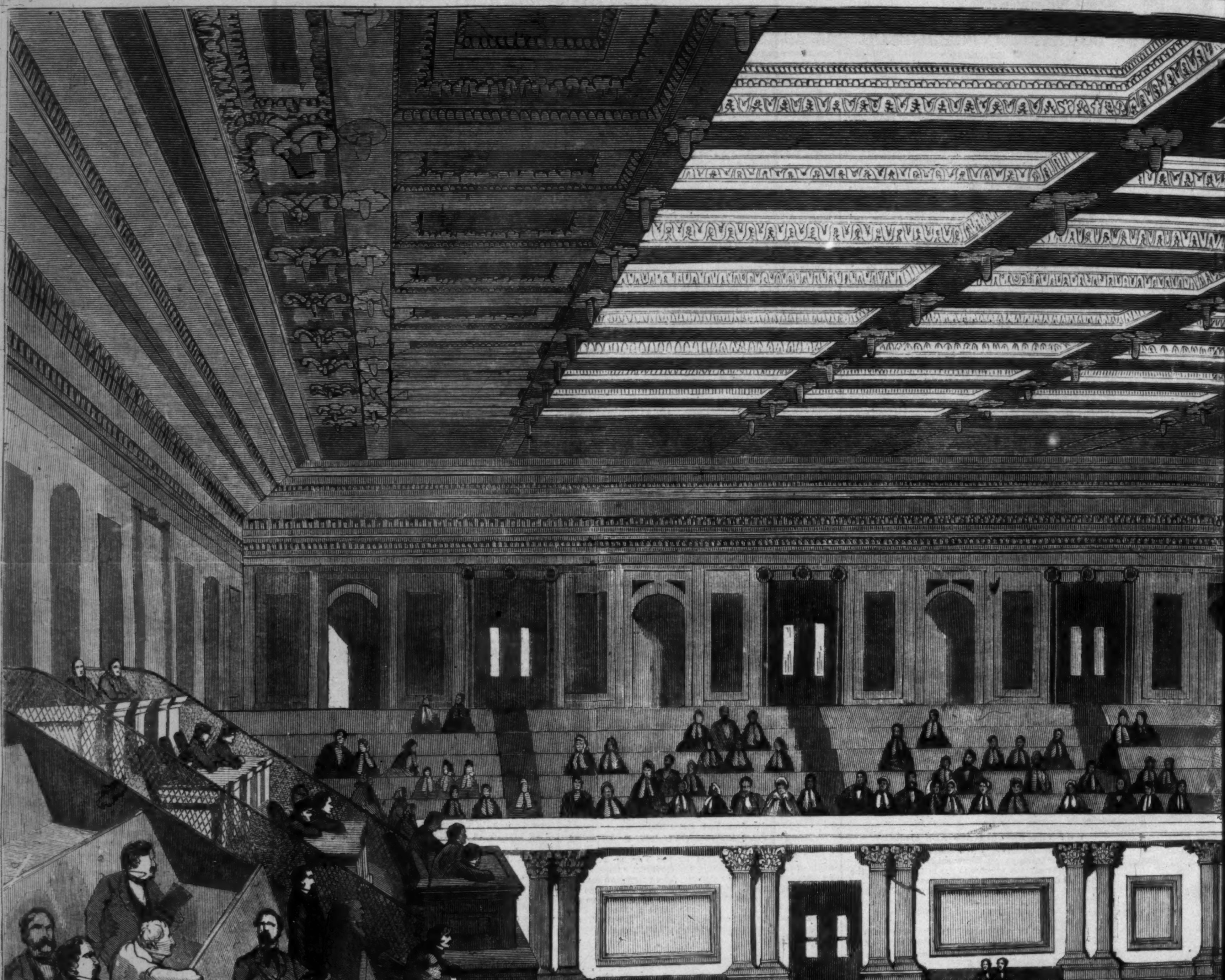
"A special train, comprising three locomotives and ten cars, containing about six hundred invited passengers, passed over the Victoria Bridge at 1 o'clock to-day. On its return a cold collation was served up in the northern abutment of the bridge, which was covered for the occasion. Speeches were made by A. M. Ross, the engineer of the bridge, and others. The bridge is now fairly open to traffic, and regular passenger-trains commenced running over it this morning."

THE NEW SENATE CHAMBER.

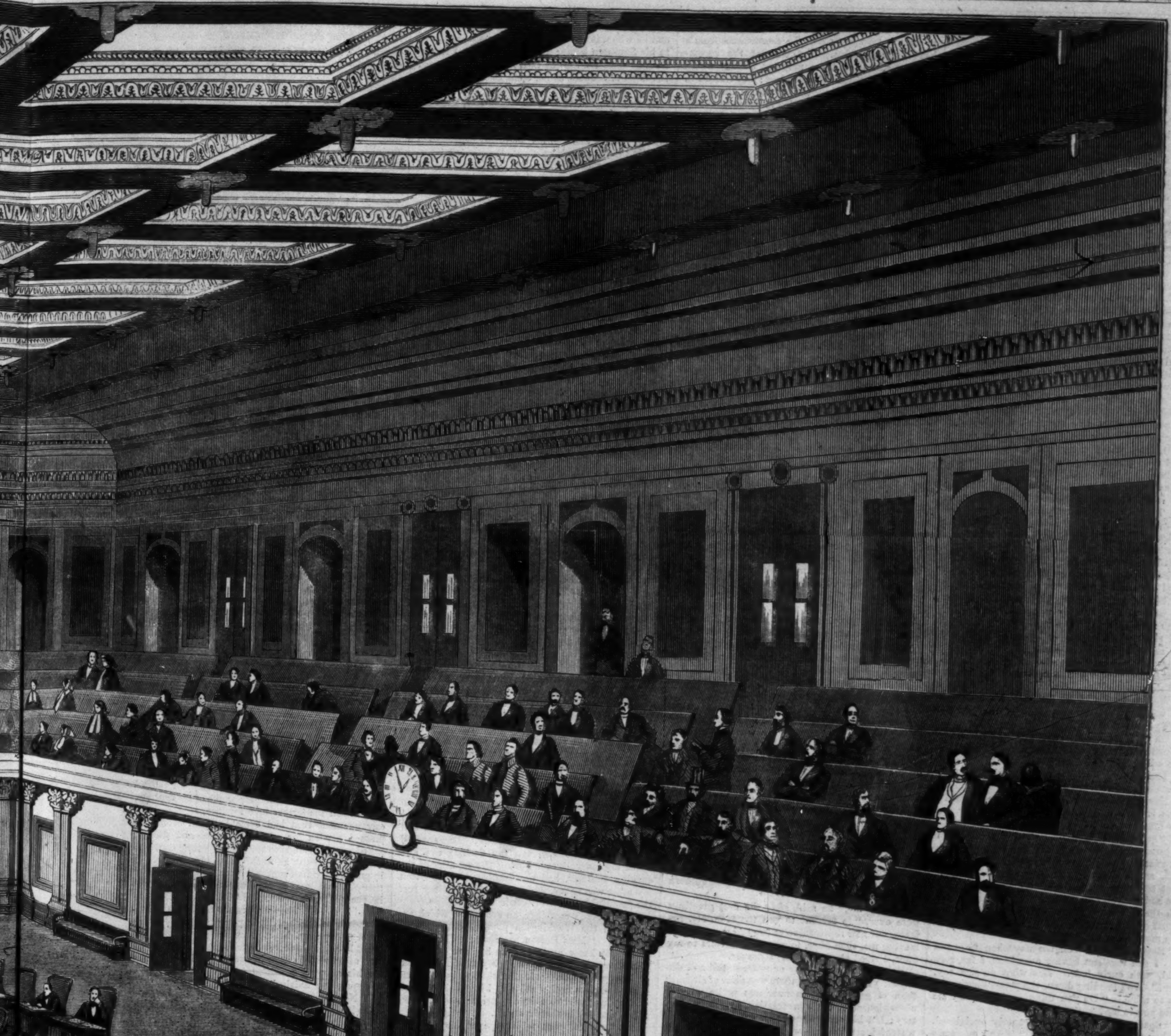
The large engraving on the following pages will enable our readers to realize the new Senate Chamber, of which we have heard so much. It is, as the picture shows, a noble hall, lighted on the Pompeian plan, so that not a single ray of light can escape beyond the margin of the inner court, or Senate Chamber proper. Every object in the galleries is consequently in comparative obscurity. The rule against allowing strangers on the floor is rigidly enforced; hence the apparent emptiness of the hall. Our artist states that he has not drawn the carpet, as the flowers on it—which resemble gigantic cabbages—would, if faithfully represented, completely eclipse the Senators, desks and all.

The following list of the present Senators should be kept for reference:

	Term expires.
ALABAMA.	
Benj. Fitzpatrick	1861
Clement C. Clay, Jun.	1865
ARKANSAS.	
Robert W. Johnson	1861
Wm. K. Sebastian	1865
CONNECTICUT.	
Lafayette S. Foster	1861
James Dixon	1863
CALIFORNIA.	
William M. Gwin	1861
Henry P. Haun	1863
DELAWARE.	
James A. Bayard	1863
Willard Saulsbury	1865
FLORIDA.	
David L. Yulee	1861
Stephen M. Mallory	1863
GEORGIA.	
Alfred Iverson	1861
Robert Toombs	1865
INDIANA.	
Graham N. Fitch	1861
Jesse D. Bright	1863
ILLINOIS.	
Lyman Trumbull	1861
Stephen A. Douglas	1865
IOWA.	
James Harlan	1861
James W. Grimes	1865
KENTUCKY.	
J. J. Crittenden	1861
Lazarus W. Powell	1865
LOUISIANA.	
John Slidell	1861
Judah P. Benjamin	1865
MAINE.	
Hannibal Hamlin	1863
Wm. Pitt Fessenden	1865
MASSACHUSETTS.	
Charles Sumner	1863
Henry Wilson	1865
MARYLAND.	
James A. Pearce	1861
Anthony Kennedy	1863
MICHIGAN.	
Zachariah Chandler	1863
K. S. Bingham	1865
MINNESOTA.	
Henry M. Rice	1863
Vacancy	1865
MISSISSIPPI.	
Jefferson Davis	1863
Albert G. Brown	1865
MISSOURI.	
James S. Green	1861
Trusten Polk	1863
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
Daniel Clark	1861
John P. Hale	1865
NEW YORK.	
Wm. H Seward	1861
Preston King	1863
NEW JERSEY.	
John R. Thompson	1863
John C. Ten Eyck	1865
NORTH CAROLINA.	
Thos. L. Clingman	1861
Thomas Bragg	1865
OHIO.	
George E. Pugh	1861
Benjamin F. Wade	1863
OREGON.	
Joseph Lane	1861
Vacancy	1865
PENNSYLVANIA.	
William Bigler	1861
Simon Cameron	1863
RHODE ISLAND.	
James F. Simmons	1863
Henry B. Anthony	1865
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Jas. H. Hammond	1863
James Chestnut	1865
TENNESSEE.	
Andrew Johnson	1863
A. O. P. Nicholson	1865
TEXAS.	
Matt Ward	1863
J. W. Hemphill	1865
VERMONT.	
Jacob Collamer	1861
Solomon Foot	1863
VIRGINIA.	
James M. Mason	1863
R. M. T. Hunter	1865
WISCONSIN.	
Charles Durkee	1861
James R. Doolittle	1863



THE UNITED STATES SENATE IN SESSION IN



THEIR NEW CHAMBER.—[See preceding Page.]

LITTLE FRECKLES.

I was a most unattractive child, as memory now recalls my little form. Short and fat, with waddling motion, freckled skin, hair red and frizzly, round, bloated cheeks, pug nose, and half-shut eyes. Nature had not been kind to me, nor was I permitted to live unconscious of the fact.

My brothers—gay, thoughtless lads—knew not the injury they were inflicting when they made my personal defects the subject of derision; and those who should have taught them kindly consideration for their little homely sister gave the matter but indolent attention. I was generally known among them by the name of "Little Freckles." Had my mind been differently constituted, lack of beauty would have caused me no concern; but with keen sensibility and much self-esteem my spirit winced under the lightest stroke of ridicule; and in my impotence to redress myself, my heart beat for vengeance on the perpetrator of each cruel wound. I know not whether originally there was any good in my nature—whether I ever possessed any gentle impulses. If so, they never appeared; they had no room to develop; for as far as my memory can see back, my mind was engrossed between painful repinings over my ill-favored appearance and implacable anger against those by whom my self-love was perpetually tortured.

My sister was a pretty child, with slender form and soft brown hair and eyes. Of her I was jealous; not of her beauty—that I admired—but of her happiness in possessing the affection of my parents, from which I thought my ugliness debarred me. This feeling made me shy and moody; and shrinking from the sight of those to whom I imagined my presence a nuisance, I added to my other ill graces the appearance of stupidity and sulk. I loved no one; I believed no one loved me. I regarded all as friends of beauty, and consequent enemies of mine. Even in childhood I became a misanthropist.

I had reached my tenth year; the bright summer-time had come, and all was gay enjoyment around our rural home, when my mother's sister, with her husband, neither of whom I had ever seen, paid us a visit. My aunt had no family, though married many years; and it was with no small show of pride that my parents introduced their seven fine children—fine, all but one, and that one my unhappy self, who hung back in the shade, feeling that I had been brought in but to swell the number.

"Well, Celia," said my father, in his usual jocose way, "what do you think of the group? Don't you want one of them?"

"Oh yes," replied my aunt, smiling pleasantly, "if you and Fanny can spare one. I believe you have a little girl called after me. Which is she?"

"That's you, Little Freckles," cried brother Bob.

"Here," said my father, drawing me forward; "this is your namesake; but I can not say she very much resembles you."

My quick ear caught a suppressed giggle from the junior circle, which, in addition to my father's depreciating remark, brought the hot blood to my cheek and a scowl to my brow; but a strange, sweet sensation suddenly stole over me, for my aunt had encircled me with her gentle arm, while with the soft hand of the other she pushed the matted curls from my forehead, and looking kindly in my face, observed, in reply,

"Resemble me? Well, she may when she grows up. I can recollect having once been a fat, rosy child, with curly hair. But what do you say, dear?" And bending down, she pressed her warm lips to mine. "Do you think could pa and ma spare you to me?"

"Spare me? Oh yes!" I eagerly exclaimed. "They don't want me at all!" And overcome with the first happy emotions of my life, I dropped my face on her lap and burst into tears.

My mother made no difficulty in giving me up, though she seemed hurt at my willingness to leave her, and pathetically remarked upon the ingratitude of children, who could turn their backs upon the best of parents to share a richer home elsewhere. A richer home! I knew nothing about my aunt's wealth. It was the tender embrace, the gentle words, the loving kiss that won me.

In Washington city, which now became my residence, my person made no more favorable impression than it had done in my Maryland home; but the kind guardianship of my new friends saved me from open rudeness, while they cultivated in me a hope which started my energies, excited my spirit, and made life seem desirable.

The great aim set before me was self-improvement, mentally and bodily. In this my aunt took the liveliest interest. With no other special claim upon her attention, she gave herself to my cause, and I gratefully and earnestly co-operating with her, the scheme gave every promise of success.

Untiring industry, unceasing care gradually produced the desired effect. My mental capacities began to develop, my outward appearance to improve; this encouragement lured me on to increased exertion; no trouble, no difficulty stayed my progress; no behest of cunning art was evaded.

Six years of earnest endeavor and my aunt's darling project was achieved: the clumsy, stupid child had given place to a beautiful and accomplished girl, of whom society would be proud. Not changed! I was the same in every lineament, differing only by improvement. The figure was still short and round, but so exquisitely rounded, so perfectly proportioned its every outline, and the movements, withal, so buoyant, so full of graceful animation, that the admiring eye forgot the claims of slender airiness; the rough, red mop was now a profusion of auburn ringlets, whose silky clusters shaded my face and clustered on my neck; the skin, once tanned and freckled, was now bleached to ivory whiteness, and smooth and soft as satin; while the arched brow, ennobled by intellect, the blue eyes sparkling with mirth, the neat mouth, indicating affection and refinement, were well accompanied by full, rosy cheeks, a dimpled chin, and a nose whose slight tendency to a saucy turn just saved the countenance from a haughty expression. Yet without the accompanying education, these personal charms would have been comparatively harmless; but trained in all the arts of coquetry, well versed in the subtilties of fascination, while skilled in the most showy accomplishments of my sex, I went forth into the world, bearing with me, well concealed in my bosom, the one passion, rooted and nourished in my trampled childhood—revenge.

And now none saw in my smiling face, my light step, or my sweet song the spirit of mischief that reigned within me; flattered, caressed, and adored, I sported through the gay saloons of Washington; apparently pleased with surrounding trifles, hearts were the only toys I really cared for; in semblance enjoying every innocent gayety, nothing afforded me true delight but the chances of following conquest with mockery and disdain. Was a maiden happy in her warm, young love, I threw my net over her hero and he was mine; and when she turned away in sickening anguish, perhaps she recalled some distant occasion upon which she had made me smart under a taunting sneer. Or, did a youth, in the pride of opening manhood, lay his heart's best pulse at my feet and receive in reply a withering laugh, when he rushed in wild despair from my presence, perhaps memory showed him a feeble child recklessly wounded by his boyish scorn.

Time rolled on, and still I reigned; no rising star outshone me. I not only preserved my charms, but, by "all appliances and means," added to their potency; and when the days of merry girlhood were gone, I walked in the proud dignity of womanhood more than ever queen of hearts. Little Freckles's turn had come indeed.

My aunt's great ambition for the child of her adoption was that I should form a proud alliance, and win for myself a permanent station in the ranks of eminence and wealth; but season after season passed, proposals the most eligible were, one after another, rejected, and she who was most ardently interested for my welfare began to feel disappointed in her darling project.

"I am afraid," I overheard her saying one day in conversation with my uncle, "the dear child is so fond of flirting that she will continue it until it is too late to make a good settlement."

"Never fear," said the kind, easy man, "a woman of her beauty and taste can settle herself when and how she chooses."

But a settlement had never entered into my calculations, matrimony was no part of my scheme.

I was twenty-six. Ten years had rolled away since my fair young charms had made themselves felt in the world. Washington was again astir, another winter was setting in, another Congressional season commencing, and I was preparing for fresh conquests. Opening day arrived, and my aunt and I drove to the Capitol to witness the ceremonial. It was the usual scene, nothing new or different from former occasions: and yet it marked an era in my history, gave birth to the first pulsations of a strange existence.

I was standing at a window overlooking the Potomac, when steps approached, my name was respectfully pronounced, and, turning, I was pleased to meet an old acquaintance of my uncle, a Southern member of the House.

"Allow me," he said, after the first greetings were over, "to present to you the Hon. Mr. Lefevre, our new representative from Alabama;" and leaving me, soon after, to make his devoirs to my aunt, I stood alone with the stranger.

He was a man of thirty or upward, tall and *distingué*; yet in his person there was more of strength than of grace. His manner was polite without obsequiousness, his conversation free from flattery; but his eye scanned me with an examining watchfulness beneath which mine fell, while the warm blood flowed to my cheeks and temples. Yet was it no rude stare which caused this embarrassment, or it would have aroused my indignation instead, but an inward sensation, new and unaccountable; an involuntary acknowledgment of a master spirit. It was with reluctance I ended the interview when my aunt signified to me her wish to leave; and as I accompanied her to the carriage, and sunk back in the seat by her side, it was with the humble, though not unpleasurable feeling, that this time the conquest was not wholly mine.

I could not remain long unconscious of the change which had come over my being; others observed it and stared.

"What is the matter with Miss Dalton?" inquired the mystified.

"She has changed her tactics," sneered the knowing.

"Celia has got tired of flirting at last," said my aunt, in confidence to my uncle.

The real truth was suspected by none. Space for one gentle impulse in my heart was disbelieved in by those who had hitherto watched my course; intrigue, duplicity, and art were supposed to be my natural characteristics, and when a soft influence pervaded my conduct it was thought to be but a new part which it was now my humor to play.

Mr. Lefevre was but four or five years my senior; and yet he maintained toward me a grave tenderness of manner which made me feel a mere youngling beside him. From him I received neither flattery nor worship; but his looks and tones betrayed unutterable fondness, while the intense interest he manifested in me, his anxious concern in the minutest matters with which I was connected, told a tale of love more deep, more ardent than had ever been told to me before.

And oh, how real was my love for him! how strong, how vast, how deep that love no words can tell. The undiminished affection of a heart, the key to which had never before been found, was voluntarily lavished on him. It was a will worship, in which reason and inclination sweetly concurred, and the pure and perfect happiness it shed around me gave me the first ideas of heaven and holiness my sin-corrupted mind had ever known.

It was the short session, the first week of March would empty Washington of all its gay visitors, and he who was the whole world to me must return to his Southern home; yet so secure was I in my trusting devotion that no injurious doubt deepened the tinge of sadness which came over my feelings as the time approached.

It was the 5th of March. Congress, with all its excitement—its proud debates and little bickerings—its wise enactments and bold mistakes—had closed. I was alone in my chamber, imagination painting the approaching scene, the parting interview with my lover, when open disclosures should make way for exchange of vows, and the sweet confidence of mutual attachment soothe the pangs of separation. My reverie was interrupted by a servant; a note was put into my hand, and I was again alone. I knew the writing, raised the senseless paper to my lips, and gently cut the envelope. But what were the words which met my view—which scorched my eye-balls, scathed my brain, and paralyzed my whole being? The note was brief but explicit; the sentences were few but pithy; and over all was an air of cold deliberation. It was instigated by no hasty impulse, no sudden discovery, but was the *dénouement* of a well-arranged plot carefully executed. It was headed, *Pour prendre congé*, and, addressing me by name, proceeded, in language most formally polite, to announce the writer's projected departure. The next paragraph informed me that he had heard of me before he had had the pleasure of seeing me; had understood me from the beginning of our acquaintance; and, having steeled his breast against my fascinations, all my coquettish arts had fallen harmlessly around him. He was now leaving me with heart unhurt, feelings untouched, hopes unclouded; and he would be glad to learn that I had been equally impregnable; if so, our light flirtation should be cause of regret to neither. He concluded by informing me that, immediately upon his return to Alabama, he expected to be united in marriage to a beautiful daughter of the South, and begged to remain my very humble servant, with signature in full.

It must have been two hours that I sat without moving, the note open in my rigid grasp, my eyes glaring on vacancy, while the sensations I underwent were horrible beyond description.

Suddenly I started; some street noise aroused me; I sprang to my feet; a reaction came. This terrible blow must not crush me. Pride shouted to my mental ear—my blighted heart and shattered hopes must be concealed within my own bosom; the vile wrong must be unknown to all; I must rise above it, and be avenged. Avenged! and a maniac joy shot through my frame as the old passion of my life rushed back with headstrong fury. Yes! henceforth my whole business must be to pursue, with unrelenting aim, the man who had sported with my love, trampled on my best feelings, and made ruin the sole portion of my remaining existence.

It was a powerful struggle which I now had to maintain to hide my sufferings from observation, and naught but my own proud, indomitable will could have enabled me to succeed. But succeed I did; and none who saw my flashing eye and heard my merry laugh, during the gayeties of the ensuing summer, had the faintest suspicion that my meat was ashes, my drink brine, and my rest the moanful tossings of delirium.

Mr. Lefevre's marriage, an account of which appeared in the Washington papers, occasioned no surprise. "Miss Dalton has dismissed him," said those who knew me, "and he has run home and married some former flame." My aunt alone looked disappointed, and said that she had hoped I had taken a serious notion at last. I laughed and kissed her, promised to take a "serious notion" some time—and so the matter ended.

Mr. Lefevre went to Europe on his wedding tour, not returning until it was time to take his seat in the next Congress; and while he was thousands of miles from home, enjoying that bliss which I was never to know, the means of revenge, which alone could sustain me under my terrible agony, were put into my burning hands.

My constitution of mind and body were strong; yet the fearful strain upon my nervous system, caused by the concealing of intense sufferings beneath a gay exterior, could not be continued without injury accruing; and despite my resolution to bear up, I soon perceived my equanimity waver, my physical vigor abate.

My aunt questioned me in alarm; but I laughed at her fears. My health was good, I said; I was only suffering from *ennui*.

"*Ennui!*" cried my aunt, in amaze. "I thought you enjoyed life, Celia."

"So I do!" I exclaimed, "but I love variety. I've seen but the one annual round of pleasure for the last ten years—city amusements in winter, fashionable watering-places in summer—and, gay as the round has been, I am satiated with it; it has become monotonous; I want a change."

"And what shall the change be?"

"I should like to go South," I promptly replied. Then added, playfully: "Orange groves and myrtle bowers, smiling skies and balmy breezes, with all the charming things we read of in romance, would be as novel and delightful to you as to me, dear aunt—would they not?"

My aunt called me a silly child, and ridiculed my taste for romance; but she concluded by fondly kissing me, saying she would speak to uncle about it, and I knew the matter was as good as settled.

And so in the bright month of September we steamed through the beautiful Ohio, down the lordly Mississippi, and, without halting in New Orleans—whose hot and dusty thoroughfares were empty and silent—we sped on in search of those inviting scenes which nature, assisted by art, had spread along the shores of Lake Pontchartrain.

The remainder I must write rapidly, for the gnawing of remorse upon my panting heart while memory dwells upon this portion of my life causes excruciating pain.

Frederic Lefevre was entirely dependent on a rich bachelor uncle, to whose estates he was sole heir. Left an orphan in childhood, he had been adopted by his lonely relative, and brought up in ease and idleness, with no more education than enough to fit him for a politician and a gentleman of fortune; and, unacquainted with professional knowledge, unused to enterprise or industrial pursuits, the loss of his uncle's favor, and the expectations accruing therefrom, would completely ruin him. This it was my aim to effect; and hence my desire to travel South, to find him whose acquaintance I most desired to make—the elder Mr. Lefevre.

Without entering into details, it is enough to say I found the old man, taught him to love me, and—to the astonishment of the world, which never has to this day been able to account for my choice—I married him.

My scheme had prospered, and the punishment of him who had wronged me had commenced. With cautious wile I dropped into my husband's ears hints which shook the old man's confidence in his adopted heir, and I pursued my advantage with cunning skill, without even suffering the uxorious dupe to suspect that I had any personal interest in the matter. Sometimes my better angel would stir up tender memories within me, and my passionate heart would yearn toward the object of its unconquerable love; but, determined that no kindly feeling should gain sway, I would immediately draw forth that fatal letter of March 5, which I kept in a convenient place for such occasions. The reading of those cold, insulting lines always produced a recurrence of the terrible sensations which I had experienced at their first perusal, and with the stinging poison rioting in my veins I would fly to my husband's arms, and, employing those pretty arts which no one could resist, work out my subtle purpose.

It was done! The pampered son of fortune was stripped of his future prospects, of his present supplies, and stood among his proud compeers a pauper!

It was in vain he strove to reverse his doom by writing letter after letter of earnest and piteous pleading to his uncle. I wildly laughed over his eloquent distress, but the hand to which the letters were addressed never received them.

Meanwhile I was apparently the gayest of the gay; and my husband, flattered and delighted with my well-simulated love, was the happiest of men. In New Orleans, where he had an elegant mansion prepared for me, we spent the winter months; and when the sultry breath of summer re-entered the Crescent City he bore me away to his old Alabama home, amidst the flourishing plantations of his wide domain.

I fear the remaining lines will be scarcely legible, for the agitation of my nerves is shared by my pen, and frightened memory can not find coherent language in which to depict the last dark scene.

I was sitting on the piazza alone; my husband came and sat beside me. He spoke of his nephew, dwelt upon his former love for him, regretted the estrangement that had come between them, expressed a wish for a reconciliation, and, finally, asked me if I would not receive the young man and his wife and baby as members of our family. I inquired what had suggested this amiable train of thought, and learned that my *ci-devant* lover was in the neighborhood, and had had an interview with his uncle. Then my brain took fire, my blood bounded, and with wild, impetuous words the story of my scathed heart burst forth. I know not what I said in those insane moments. I only know my astounded listener heard all—all my passion for his adopted son—and started, with frenzy in his eyes, as I finished in taunting tone:

"Now, Sir, bring the gentleman here, if you wish!"

As I sunk back in my seat the old man moved away, but blind excitement prevented my observing the terrible effect of my disclosure upon him. Alas! his more than life had been wrapped up in the fond delusion of his young wife's love!

I can not say how long had passed, but the fierce tumult of my soul was waning when—was I dreaming?—I opened my eyes, and by my side, seated familiarly, his gaze fixed upon my countenance, was he whom of all the world I should not have met.

What was he saying? Something about friendship, and kindness, and agnate claims; but I heard him not—my senses were bewildered, my heart was aglow, emotions soft but undefined filled my breast—I was no longer my own. But—what was that? Swifter than a tiger springs upon his prey the deed was done—a piazza chair, hurled by my husband's maniac hand, struck the young man's head, and Frederic Lefevre was a corpse at my feet.

Of what followed I had but a confused perception; there was running, and a crowd of servants disarmed and restrained their master—in sorrow, I know, they did it, for he was well-beloved by them all. One fled for a physician, who soon came: the dead was beyond his skill, the slayer's malady no medicine could cure.

The crowd increased; white folk came in troops. I only desired to sit on the floor and gaze on that pale, sleeping face; but some ladies, who thought I knew them, forced me away from it.

Then there was an inquest and a funeral, a distracted widow and an infant orphan; while the owner of the proud estate was a raving prisoner, held down in the house where he had reigned.

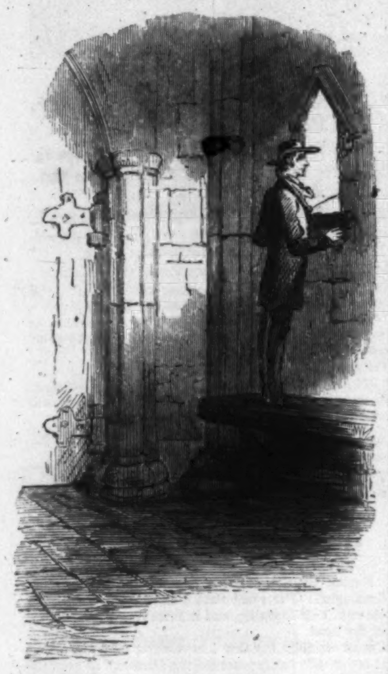
And I—Little Freckles—caused it all! The madness and the murder were my doing; though no one knew it, and commiseration and sympathy and tenderness were lavished unsparingly upon me. My aunt and uncle hastened to me in their affection and besought me to go home with them; but what have I to do with peace, or kindness, or any earthly good? here, by the side of him whose reason I destroyed, on the spot where he fell whose blood is on my hands, let me, in tears and penitence and prayer, drain out my bitter cup. I have not seen thirty years; yet I am bowed, and withered, and gray. I have not lived out half my days; and yet I should be glad to die.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]



HARTRIGHT'S NARRATIVE—*Continued.*

XII.

THE exposed situation of the church-yard had obliged me to be cautious in choosing the position that I was to occupy.

The main entrance to the church was on the side next to the burial-ground; and the door was screened by a porch walled in on either side. After some little hesitation, caused by a natural reluctance to conceal myself, indispensable as that concealment was to the object in view, I had resolved on entering the porch. A loophole window was pierced in each of its side walls. Through one of these windows I could see Mrs. Fairlie's grave. The other looked toward the stone quarry in which the sexton's cottage was built. Before me, fronting the porch entrance, was a patch of bare burial-ground, a line of low stone wall, and a strip of lonely brown hill, with the sunset clouds sailing heavily over it before the strong, steady wind. No living creature was visible or audible—no bird flew by me; no dog barked from the sexton's cottage. The pauses in the dull beating of the surf were filled up by the dreary rustling of the dwarf trees near the grave, and the cold, faint bubble of the brook over its stony bed. A dreary scene and a dreary hour. My spirits sank fast as I counted out the minutes of the evening in my hiding-place under the church porch.

It was not twilight yet—the light of the setting sun still lingered in the heavens, and little more than the first half hour of my solitary watch had elapsed—when I heard footsteps and a voice. The footsteps were approaching from the other side of the church; and the voice was a woman's.

"Don't you fret, my dear, about the letter," said the voice. "I gave it to the lad quite safe, and the lad he took it from me without a word. He went his way and I went mine; and not a living soul followed me, afterward—that I'll warrant."

These words strung up my attention to a pitch of expectation that was almost painful. There was a pause of silence, but the footsteps still advanced. In another moment two persons, both women, passed within my range of view from the porch window. They were walking straight toward the grave; and therefore they had their backs turned toward me.

One of the women was dressed in a bonnet and shawl. The other wore a long traveling cloak of a dark blue color, with the hood drawn over her head. A few inches of her gown were visible below the cloak. My heart beat fast as I noted the color—it was white.

After advancing about half-way between the church and the grave they stopped; and the woman in the cloak turned her head toward her companion. But her side face, which a bonnet might now have allowed me to see, was hidden by the heavy projecting edge of the hood.

"Mind you keep that comfortable warm cloak on," said the same voice which I had already heard—the voice of the woman in the shawl. "Mrs. Todd is right about your looking too particular, yesterday, all in white. I'll walk about a little, while you're here; church-yards being not at all in my way, whatever they may be in yours. Finish what you want to do before I come back; and let us be sure and get home again before night."

With those words she turned about, and, retracing her steps, advanced with her face toward me. It was the face of an elderly woman, brown, rugged, and healthy, with nothing dishonest or suspicious in the look of it. Close to the church she stopped to pull her shawl closer round her.

"Queer," she said to herself, "always queer, with her whims and her ways, ever since I can remember her. Harmless, though—as harmless, poor soul, as a little child."

She sighed; looked about the burial-ground nervously; shook her head as if the dreary prospect by no means pleased her; and disappeared round the corner of the church.

I doubted for a moment whether I ought to follow and speak to her, or not. My intense anxiety to find myself face to face with her companion helped me to decide in the negative. I could insure seeing the woman in the shawl by waiting near the church-yard until she came back—although it seemed more than doubtful whether she could give me the information of which I was in search. The person who had delivered the letter was of little consequence. The person who had written it was the one centre of interest, and the one source of information; and that person I now felt convinced was before me in the church-yard.

While these ideas were passing through my mind, I saw the woman in the cloak approach close to the grave, and stand looking at it for a little while. She then glanced all round her, and, taking a white linen cloth or handkerchief from under her cloak, turned aside toward the brook. The little stream ran into the church-yard under a tiny arch-way in the bottom of the wall, and ran out again, after a winding course of a few dozen yards, under a similar opening. She dipped the cloth in the water, and returned to the grave. I saw her kiss the white cross; then kneel down before the inscription, and apply her wet cloth to the cleansing of it.

After considering how I could show myself with the least possible chance of frightening her, I resolved to cross the wall before me, to skirt round it outside, and to enter the church-yard again by the stile near the grave, in order that she might see me as I approached. She was so absorbed over her employment that she did not hear me coming until I had stepped over the stile. Then she looked up, started to her feet with a faint cry, and stood facing me in speechless and motionless terror.

"Don't be frightened," I said. "Surely you remember me?"

I stopped while I spoke—then advanced a few steps gently—then stopped again—and so approached by little and little, till I was close to her. If there had been any doubt still left in my mind it must have been now set at rest. There, speaking affrightedly for itself—there was the same face confronting me over Mrs. Fairlie's grave, which had first looked into mine on the high road by night.

"You remember me?" I said. "We met very late, and I helped you to find the way to London. Surely you have not forgotten that?"

Her features relaxed, and she drew a heavy breath of relief. I saw the new life of recognition stirring slowly under the deathlike stillness which fear had set on her face.

"Don't attempt to speak to me just yet," I went on. "Take time to recover yourself—take time to feel quite certain that I am a friend."

"You are very kind to me," she murmured. "As kind now as you were then."

She stopped, and I kept silence on my side. I was not granting time for composure to her only, I was gaining time also for myself. Under the wan, wild evening light, that woman and I were met together again; a grave between us, the dead about us, the lonesome hills closing us round on every side. The time, the place, the circumstances under which we now stood face to face in the evening stillness of that dreary valley; the life-long interests which might hang suspended on the next chance words that passed between us; the sense that, for aught I knew to the contrary, the whole future of Laura Fairlie's life might be determined, for good or for evil, by my winning or losing the confidence of the forlorn creature who stood trembling by her mother's grave—all threatened to shake the steadiness and the self-control on which every inch of the progress I might yet make now depended. I tried hard, as I felt this, to possess myself of all my resources; I did my utmost to turn the few moments for reflection to the best account.

"Are you calmer, now?" I said, as soon as I thought it time to speak again. "Can you talk to me without feeling frightened, and without forgetting that I am a friend?"

"How did you come here?" she asked, without noticing what I had just said to her.

"Don't you remember my telling you, when we last met, that I was going to Cumberland? I have been in Cumberland ever since; I have been staying all the time at Limmeridge House."

"At Limmeridge House!" Her pale face brightened as she repeated the words; her wandering eyes fixed on me with a sudden interest. "Ah, how happy you must have been!" she said, looking at me eagerly, without a shadow of its former distrust left in her expression.

I took advantage of her newly-aroused confidence in me, to observe her face, with an attention and a curiosity which I had hitherto restrained myself from showing, for caution's sake. I looked at her, with my mind full of that other lovely face which had so ominously recalled her to my memory on the terrace by moonlight. I had seen Anne Catherick's likeness in Miss Fairlie. I now saw Miss Fairlie's likeness in Anne Catherick—saw it all the more clearly because the points of dissimilarity between the two were presented to me as well as the points of resemblance. In the general outline of the countenance and general proportion of the features; in the color of the hair and in the little nervous uncertainty about the lips; in the height and size of the figure, and the carriage of the head and body, the likeness appeared even more startling than I had ever felt it to be yet. But there the resemblance ended, and the dissimilarity, in details, began. The delicate beauty of Miss Fairlie's complexion, the transparent clearness of her eyes, the smooth purity of her skin, the tender bloom of color on her lips, were all missing from the worn, weary face that was now turned toward mine. Although I hated myself even for thinking such a thing, still, while I looked at the woman before me, the idea would force itself into my mind that one sad change, in the future, was all that was wanting to make the likeness complete, which I now saw to be so imperfect in detail. If ever sorrow and suffering set their profaning marks on the youth and beauty of Miss Fairlie's face, then, and then only, Anne Catherick and she would be the twin-sisters of chance resemblance, the living reflections of one another.

I shuddered at the thought. There was something horrible in the blind, unreasoning distrust of the future which the mere passage of it through my mind seemed to imply. It was a welcome interruption to be roused by feeling Anne Catherick's hand laid on my shoulder. The touch was as stealthy and as sudden as that other touch, which had petrified me from head to foot on the night when we first met.

"You are looking at me; and you are thinking of something," she said, with her strange, breathless rapidity of utterance. "What is it?"

"Nothing extraordinary," I answered. "I was only wondering how you came here."

"I came with a friend who is very good to me. I have only been here two days."

"And you found your way to this place yesterday?"

"How do you know that?"

"I only guessed it."

She turned from me, and knelt down before the inscription once more.

"Where should I go, if not here?" she said. "The friend who was better than a mother to me, is the only friend I have to visit at Limmeridge. Oh, it makes my heart ache to see a stain on her tomb! It ought to be kept white as snow, for her sake. I was tempted to begin cleaning it yesterday; and I can't help coming back to go on with it to-day. Is there any thing wrong in that? I hope not. Surely nothing can be wrong that I do for Mrs. Fairlie's sake?"

The old grateful sense of her benefactress's kindness was evidently the ruling idea still in the poor creature's mind—the narrow mind which had but too plainly opened to no other lasting impression since that first impression of her younger and happier days. I saw that my best chance of winning her confidence lay in encouraging her to proceed with the artless employment which she had come into the burial-ground to pursue. She resumed it at once, on my telling her she might do so; touching the hard marble as tenderly as if it had been a sentient thing, and whispering the words of the inscription to herself, over and over again, as if the lost days of her girlhood had returned, and she was patiently learning her lesson once more at Mrs. Fairlie's knees.

"Should you wonder very much," I said, preparing the way as cautiously as I could for the questions that were to come, "if I owned that it is a satisfaction to me, as well as a surprise, to see you here? I felt very uneasy about you after you left me in the cab."

She looked up quickly and suspiciously.

"Uneasy," she repeated. "Why?"

"A strange thing happened, after we parted, that night. Two men overtook me in a chaise. They did not see where I was standing; but they stopped near me, and spoke to a policeman, on the other side of the way."

She instantly suspended her employment. The hand holding the damp cloth with which she had been cleaning the inscription dropped to her side: the other hand grasped the marble cross at the head of the grave. Her face turned toward me slowly, with the blank look of terror set rigidly on it once more. I went on at all hazards; it was too late now to draw back.

"The two men spoke to the policeman," I said, "and asked him if he had seen you. He had not seen you; and then one of the men spoke again, and said you had escaped from his Asylum."

She sprang to her feet, as if my last words had set the pursuers on her track.

"Stop! and hear the end," I cried. "Stop! and you shall know how I befriended you. A word from me would have told the men which way you had gone—and I never spoke that word. I helped your escape—I made it safe and certain. Think, try to think. Try to understand what I tell you."

My manner seemed to influence her more than my words. She made an effort to grasp the new idea. Her hands shifted the damp cloth hesitatingly from one to the other, exactly as they had shifted the little traveling bag on the night when I first saw her. Slowly, the purpose of my words seemed to force its way through the confusion and agitation of her mind. Slowly, her features relaxed, and her eyes looked at me with their expression gaining in curiosity what it was fast losing in fear.

"*You* don't think I ought to be back in the Asylum, do you?" she said.

"Certainly not. I am glad you escaped from it; I am glad I helped you."

"Yes, yes; you did help me, indeed; you helped me at the hard part," she went on, a little vacantly. "It was easy to escape, or I should not have got away. They never suspected me as they suspected the others. I was so quiet, and so obedient, and so easily frightened. The finding London was the hard part; and there you helped me. Did I thank you at the time? I thank you now, very kindly."

"Was the Asylum far from where you met me? Come! show that you believe me to be your friend, and tell me where it was."

She mentioned the place—a private Asylum, as its situation informed me; a private Asylum not very far from the spot where I had seen her—and then, with evident suspicion of the use to which I might put her answer, anxiously repeated her former inquiry: "*You* don't think I ought to be taken back, do you?"

"Once again, I am glad you escaped; I am glad you prospered well, after you left me," I answered. "You said you had a friend in London to go to. Did you find the friend?"

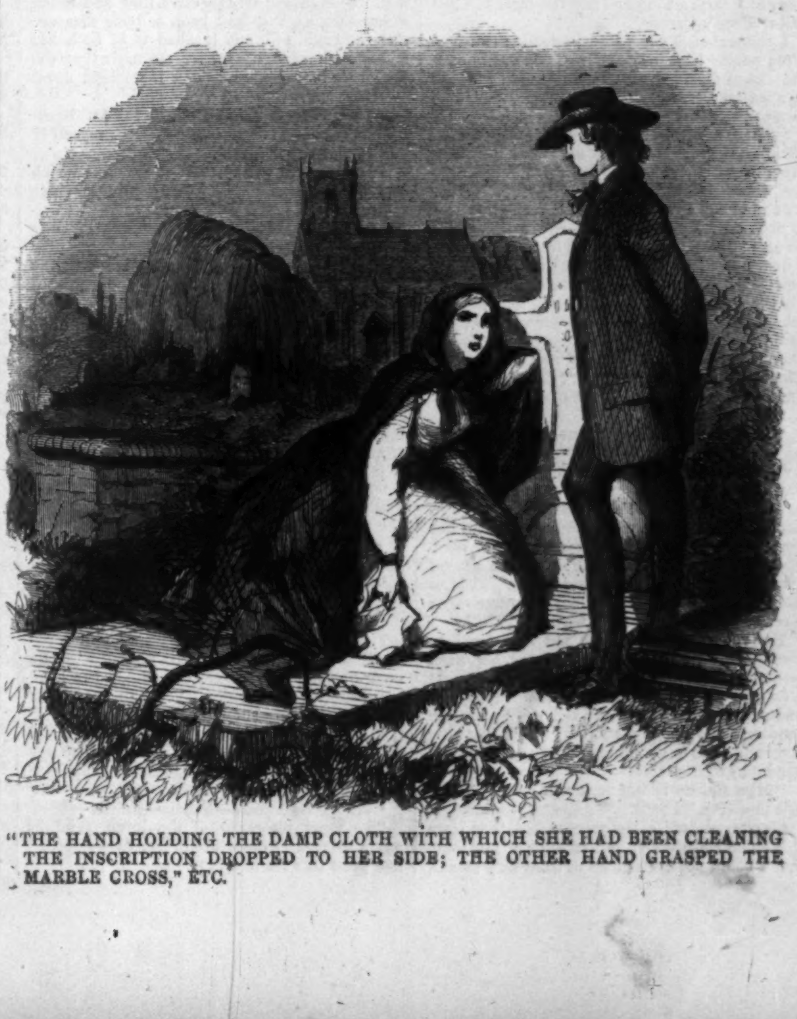
"Yes. It was very late; but there was a girl up at needle-work in the house, and she helped me to rouse Mrs. Clements. Mrs. Clements is my friend. A good, kind woman, but not like Mrs. Fairlie. Ah, no, nobody is like Mrs. Fairlie!"

"Is Mrs. Clements an old friend of yours? Have you known her a long time?"

"Yes; she was a neighbor of ours once, at home, in Hampshire; and liked me, and took care of me when I was a little girl. Years ago, when she went away from us, she wrote down in my prayer-book for me, where she was going to live in London, and she said, 'If you are ever in trouble, Anne, come to me. I have no husband alive to say me nay, and no children to look after; and I will take care of you.' Kind words, were they not? I suppose I remember them because they were kind. It's little enough I remember besides—little enough, little enough!"

"Had you no father or mother to take care of you?"

"Father? I never saw him: I never heard



"THE HAND HOLDING THE DAMP CLOTH WITH WHICH SHE HAD BEEN CLEANING THE INSCRIPTION DROPPED TO HER SIDE; THE OTHER HAND GRASPED THE MARBLE CROSS," ETC.

mother speak of him. Father? Ah, dear! he is dead, I suppose."

"And your mother?"

"I don't get on well with her. We are a trouble and a fear to each other."

A trouble and a fear to each other! At those words the suspicion crossed my mind for the first time that her mother might be the person who had placed her under restraint.

"Don't ask me about mother," she went on. "I'd rather talk of Mrs. Clements. Mrs. Clements is like you, she doesn't think that I ought to be back in the Asylum; and she is as glad as you are that I escaped from it. She cried over my misfortune, and said it must be kept secret from every body."

Her "misfortune." In what sense was she using that word? In a sense which might explain her motive in writing the anonymous letter? In a sense which might show it to be the too common and too customary motive that has led many a woman to interpose anonymous hinderances to the marriage of the man who has ruined her? I resolved to attempt the clearing up of this doubt, before more words passed between us on either side.

"What misfortune?" I asked.

"The misfortune of my being shut up," she answered, with every appearance of feeling surprised at my question. "What other misfortune could there be?"

I determined to persist, as delicately and forbearingly as possible. It was of very great importance that I should be absolutely sure of every step in the investigation that I now gained in advance.

"There is another misfortune," I said, "to which a woman may be liable, and by which she may suffer life-long sorrow and shame."

"What is it?" she asked, eagerly.

"The misfortune of believing too innocently in her own virtue, and in the faith and honor of the man she loves," I answered.

She looked up at me, with the artless bewilderment of a child. Not the slightest confusion or change of color; not the faintest trace of any secret consciousness of shame struggling to the surface, appeared in her face—that face which betrayed every other emotion with such transparent clearness. No words that ever were spoken could have assured me, as her look and manner now assured me, that the motive which I had assigned for her writing the letter and sending it to Miss Fairlie was plainly and distinctly the wrong one. That doubt, at any rate, was now set at rest; but the very removal of it opened a new prospect of uncertainty. The letter, as I knew from positive testimony, pointed at Sir Percival Glyde, though it did not name him. She must have had some strong motive, originating in some deep sense of injury, for secretly denouncing him to Miss Fairlie, in such terms as she had employed—and that motive was unquestionably not to be traced to the loss of her innocence and her character. Whatever wrong he might have inflicted on her was not of that nature. Of what nature could it be?

"I don't understand you," she said, after evidently trying hard, and trying in vain, to discover the meaning of the words I had last said to her.

"Never mind," I answered. "Let us go on with what we were talking about. Tell me how long you staid with Mrs. Clements in London, and how you came here."

"How long?" she repeated. "I staid with Mrs. Clements till we both came to this place, two days ago."

"You are living in the village, then?" I said. "It is strange I should not have heard of you, though you have only been there two days."

"No, no; not in the village. Three miles away at a farm. Do you know the farm? They call it Todd's Corner."

I remembered the place perfectly; we had often passed by it in our drives. It was one of the oldest farms in the neighborhood, situated in a solitary, sheltered spot, inland, at the junction of two hills.

"They are relations of Mrs. Clements at Todd's Corner," she went on, "and they had often asked her to go and see them. She said she would go, and take me with her, for the quiet and the fresh air. It was very kind, was it not? I would have gone any where to be quiet, and safe, and out of the way. But when I heard that Todd's Corner was near Limmeridge—oh! I was so happy I would have walked all the way barefoot to get there, and see the schools and the village and Limmeridge House again. They are very good people at Todd's Corner. I hope I shall stay there a long time. There is only one thing I don't like about them, and don't like about Mrs. Clements—"

"What is it?"

"They will tease me about dressing all in white—they say it looks so particular. How do they know? Mrs. Fairlie knew best. Mrs. Fairlie would never have made me wear this ugly blue cloak. Ah! she was fond of white in her lifetime; and here is white stone about her grave—and I am making it whiter for her sake. She often wore white herself; and she always dressed her little daughter in white. Is Miss Fairlie well and happy? Does she wear white now, as she used when she was a girl?"

Her voice sank when she put the questions about Miss Fairlie; and she turned her head farther and farther away from me. I thought I detected, in the alteration in her manner, an uneasy consciousness of the risk she had run in sending the anonymous letter; and I instantly determined so to frame my answer as to surprise her into owning it.

"Miss Fairlie is not very well or very happy this morning," I said.

She murmured a few words; but they were spoken so confusedly, and in such a low tone, that I could not even guess at what they meant.

"Did you ask me why Miss Fairlie was neither well nor happy this morning?" I continued.

"No," she said, quickly and eagerly—"oh, no, I never asked that."

"I will tell you without your asking," I went on. "Miss Fairlie has received your letter."

She had been down on her knees for some little time past, carefully removing the last weather-stains left about the inscription, while we were speaking together. The first sentence of the words I had just addressed to her made her pause in her occupation, and turn slowly, without rising from her knees, so as to face me. The second sentence literally petrified her. The cloth she had been holding dropped from her hands; her lips fell apart; all the little color that there was naturally in her face left it in an instant.

"How do you know?" she said, faintly. "Who showed it to you?" The blood rushed back into her face—rushed overwhelmingly, as the sense rushed upon her mind that her own words had betrayed her. She struck her hands together in despair. "I never wrote it," she gasped, affrightedly; "I know nothing about it!"

"Yes," I said, "you wrote it, and you know about it. It was wrong to send such a letter; it was wrong to frighten Miss Fairlie. If you had any thing to say that it was right and necessary for her to hear, you should have gone yourself to Limmeridge House; you should have spoken to the young lady with your own lips."

She crouched down over the flat stone of the grave, till her face was hidden on it; and made no reply.

"Miss Fairlie will be as good and kind to you as her mother was, if you mean well," I went on. "Miss Fairlie will keep your secret, and not let you come to any harm. Will you see her to-morrow at the farm? Will you meet her in the garden at Limmeridge House?"

"Oh, if I could die, and be hidden and at rest with *you!*" Her lips murmured the words close on the grave-stone; murmured them in tones of passionate endearment to the dead remains beneath. "*You* know how I love your child, for your sake! Oh, Mrs. Fairlie! Mrs. Fairlie! tell me how to save her. Be my darling and my mother once more, and tell me what to do for the best!"

I heard her lips kissing the stone: I saw her hands beating on it passionately. The sound and the sight deeply affected me. I stooped down, and took the poor helpless hands tenderly in mine, and tried to soothe her.

It was useless. She snatched her hands from me, and never moved her face from the stone. Seeing the urgent necessity of quieting her at any hazard and by any means, I appealed to the only anxiety that she had appeared to feel, in connection with me and with my opinion of her—the anxiety to convince me of her fitness to be mistress of her own actions.

"Come, come," I said, gently. "Try to compose yourself, or you will make me alter my opinion of you. Don't let me think that the person who put you in the Asylum might have had some excuse—"

The next words died away on my lips. The instant I risked that chance reference to the person who had put her in the Asylum, she sprang up on her knees. A most extraordinary and startling change passed over her. Her face, at all ordinary times so touching to look at, in its nervous sensitiveness, weakness, and uncertainty, became suddenly darkened by an expression of maniacally intense hatred and fear, which communicated a wild, unnatural force to every feature. Her eyes dilated in the dim evening light, like the eyes of a wild animal. She caught up the cloth that had fallen at her side, as if it had been a living creature that she could kill, and crushed it in both her hands with such convulsive strength that the few drops of moisture left in it trickled down on the stone beneath her.

"Talk of something else," she said, whispering through her teeth. "I shall lose myself if you talk of that."

Every vestige of the gentler thoughts which had filled her mind hardly a minute since seemed to be swept from it now. It was evident that the impression left by Mrs. Fairlie's kindness was not, as I had supposed, the only strong impression on her memory. With the grateful remembrance of her school-days at Limmeridge there existed the vindictive remembrance of the wrong inflicted on her by her confinement in the Asylum. Who had done that wrong? Could it really be her mother?

It was hard to give up pursuing the inquiry to that final point; but I forced myself to abandon all idea of continuing it. Seeing her as I saw her now, it would have been cruel to think of any thing but the necessity and the humanity of restoring her composure.

"I will talk of nothing to distress you," I said, soothingly.

"You want something," she answered, sharply and suspiciously. "Don't look at me like that. Speak to me; tell me what you want."

"I only want you to quiet yourself, and, when you are calmer, to think over what I have said."

"Said?" She paused; twisted the cloth in her hands, backward and forward; and whispered to herself, "What is it he said?" She turned again toward me, and shook her head impatiently. "Why don't you help me?" she asked, with angry suddenness.

"Yes, yes," I said; "I will help you; and you will soon remember. I asked you to see Miss Fairlie to-morrow, and to tell her the truth about the letter."

"Ah! Miss Fairlie—Fairlie—Fairlie—"

The mere utterance of the loved, familiar name seemed to quiet her. Her face softened and grew like itself again.

"You need have no fear of Miss Fairlie," I continued; "and no fear of getting into trouble through the letter. She knows so much about it already, that you will have no difficulty in telling her all. There can be little necessity for concealment where there is hardly any thing left to conceal. You mention no names in the letter; but Miss Fairlie knows that the person you write of is Sir Percival Glyde—"

The instant I pronounced that name she started to her feet; and a scream burst from her that rang through the church-yard and made my heart leap in me with the terror of it. The dark deformity of the expression which had just left her face, lowered on it once more, with doubled and trebled intensity. The shriek at the name, the reiterated look of hatred and fear that instantly followed, told all. Not even a last doubt now remained. Her mother was guiltless of imprisoning her in the Asylum. A man had shut her up—and that man was Sir Percival Glyde.

The scream had reached other ears than mine. On one side I heard the door of the sexton's cottage open; on the other, I heard the voice of her companion, the woman in the shawl, the woman whom she had spoken of as Mrs. Clements.

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" cried the voice from behind the clump of dwarf trees.

In a moment more Mrs. Clements hurried into view.

"Who are you?" she cried, facing me resolutely, as she set her foot on the stile. "How dare you frighten a poor helpless woman like that?"

She was at Anne Catherick's side, and had put one arm around her, before I could answer. "What is it, my dear?" she said. "What has he done to you?"

"Nothing," the poor creature answered. Nothing. I'm only frightened.

Mrs. Clements turned on me with a fearless indignation for which I respected her.

"I should be heartily ashamed of myself if I deserved that angry look," I said. "But I do not deserve it. I have unfortunately startled her without intending it. This is not the first time she has seen me. Ask her yourself, and she will tell you that I am incapable of willingly harming her or any woman."

I spoke distinctly, so that Anne Catherick might hear and understand me: and I saw that the words and their meaning had reached her.

"Yes, yes," she said; "he was good to me once; he helped me—" She whispered the rest into her friend's ear.

"Strange, indeed!" said Mrs. Clements, with a look of perplexity. "It makes all the difference, though. I'm sorry I spoke so rough to you, Sir; but you must own that appearances looked suspicious to a stranger. It's more my fault than yours, for humoring her whims, and letting her be alone in such a place as this. Come, my dear—come home now."

I thought the good woman looked a little uneasy at the prospect of the walk back, and I offered to go with them until they were both within sight of home. Mrs. Clements thanked me civilly, and declined. She said they were sure to meet some of the farm laborers as soon as they got to the moor.

"Try to forgive me," I said, when Anne Catherick took her friend's arm to go away. Innocent as I had been of any intention to terrify and agitate her, my heart smote me as I looked at the poor, pale, frightened face.

"I will try," she answered. "But you know too much; I'm afraid you will always frighten me now."

Mrs. Clements glanced at me, and shook her head, pityingly.

"Good-night, Sir," she said. "You couldn't help it, I know; but I wish it was me you had frightened, and not her."

They moved away a few steps. I thought they had left me; but Anne suddenly stopped and separated herself from her friend.

"Wait a little," she said. "I must say good-by."

She returned to the grave, rested both hands tenderly on the marble cross, and kissed it.

"I'm better now," she sighed, looking up at me quietly. "I forgive you."

She joined her companion again, and they left the burial-ground. I saw them stop near the church, and speak to the sexton's wife, who had come from the cottage, and had waited, watching us from a distance. Then they went on again up the path that led to the moor. I looked after Anne Catherick as she disappeared till all trace of her had faded in the twilight—looked as anxiously and sorrowfully as if that was the last I was to see in this weary world of the woman in white.

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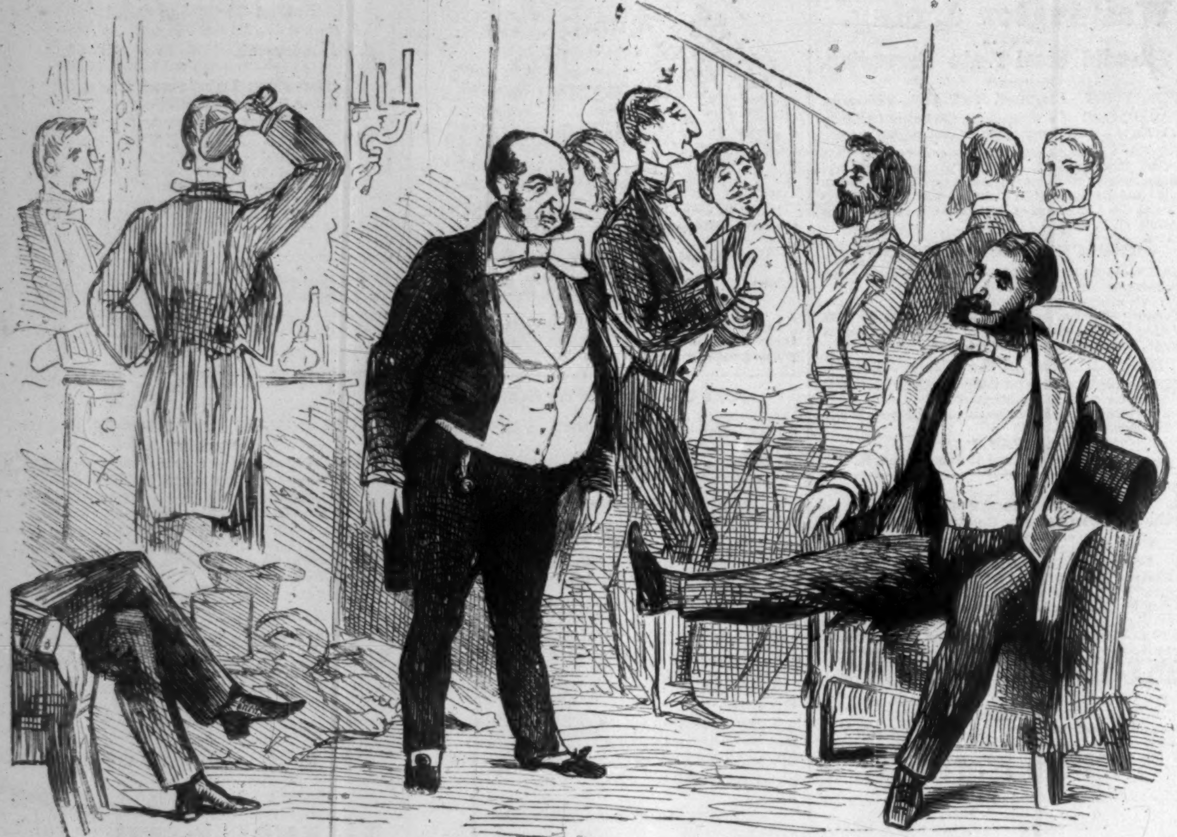

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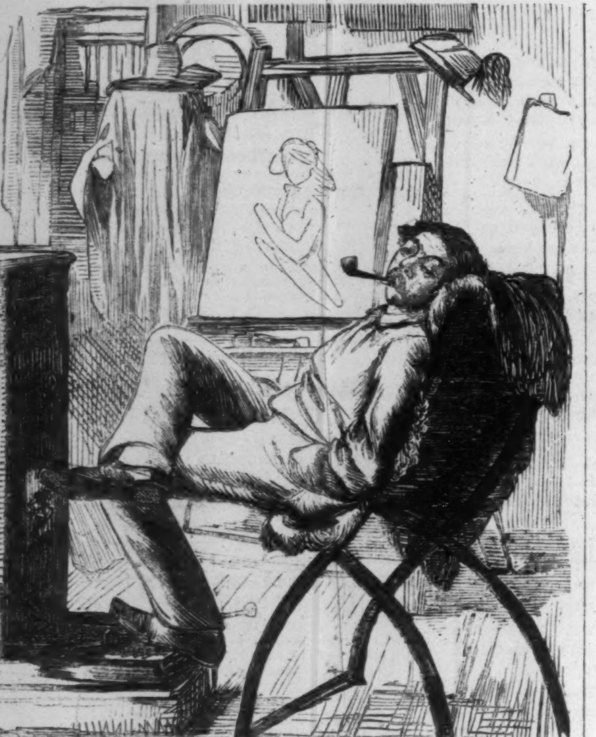

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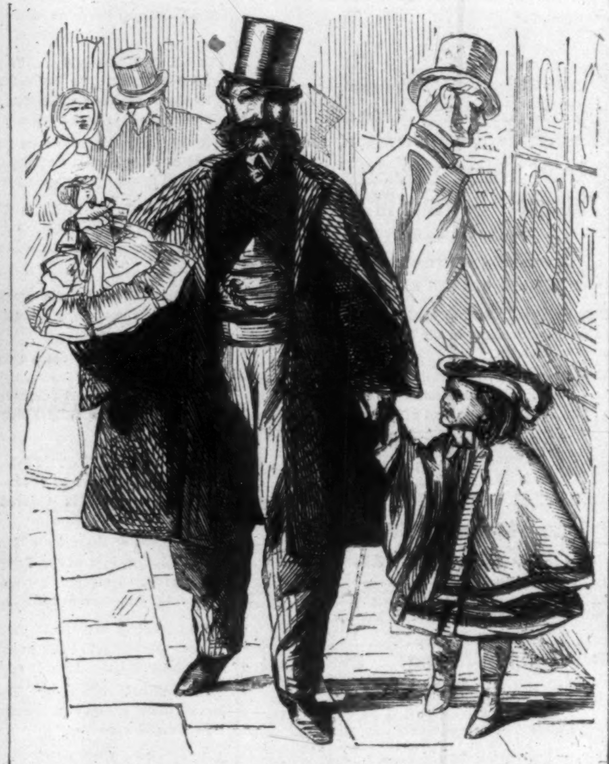

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